TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

GENERAL LIBRARY, UNIV. OF MICH. 7 OCT 1898

VOL. XLII.—No. 2181.
Copyright, 1898, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1898.

TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION ARCH.

A TYPICAL SCENE AT THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA—ARCH OF THE STATES IN THE BACKGROUND.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT THE EXPOSITION.—[SEE PAGE 987.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 8, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy — $4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

MR. WOODFORD has resigned the mission to Spain, having no more duties to perform that are of immediate moment to the country. He retires with the respect of all his fellow-citizens, and of many Spaniards among those who recognize most clearly the situation of their country.

THE Paris Peace Commissioners of America and Spain have arrived at the place of consultation. If there is any point for discussion, Spain may be counted on to delay the decision as long as possible. If there is not—in other words, if our Commissioners have no discretion—there is no reason why they should have been appointed. There was no need under such conditions for this government to send a messenger even. If we are to lay down our final terms, determined on at Washington in advance, there is no room for negotiation. But we fancy that the rumors of the press are at fault, and that Mr. DAY and his associates will have an opportunity to yield and compromise.

GOVERNOR BLACK is partly the victim of bad political logic. First he offended all decent citizens of the State by his contemptible partisanship, and his appointment of LOU PAYN and ALDRIDGE to responsible positions. Then he offended the scoundrels by permitting the rascalities of the canal improvement management to be revealed, and by undertaking to prevent PLATT from carrying out his agreement with CROKER. In order to be a deservedly popular statesman one must be consistently and persistently virtuous. In order to be a successful politician one must be persistently vicious, and a faithful and loyal adherent and slave of the party rascals.

THE French cabinet, with much reluctance, has ordered a revision of the DREYFUS case. That is, it has sent the case to the Court of Cassation with a view to discovering if DREYFUS was wrongfully convicted. In opposing a revision of the case the French army has been laboring under a misapprehension. It is not DREYFUS now, nor even ESTERHAZY, but the chiefs of the French army and the French Republic itself that are on trial. ESTERHAZY probably wrote the bordereau. He is said to have written it under the order of his superior officer, at whose service he placed his conscience as well as his sword. He too, like President FAURE and the chiefs of the French army, believes in DREYFUS's guilt, but he admits that there is no material evidence in existence to prove it. It may be that his statement as to the orders that he received to commit forgery is worthless, but the case against the French general staff does not depend upon ESTERHAZY and his statements. It is now believed throughout the world, and in France, that the general staff of the French army determined to convict DREYFUS, and did convict him, without any evidence against him; that, having done this, the army prevented the civil authorities from doing justice, and that DREYFUS is suffering imprisonment on his lonely island because the French general staff is supreme in France and has determined to punish him, guilty or not guilty. On this statement the French Republic is not only threatened, but if it must either be under the heel of the army or cease to exist, it had better cease to exist. If the French army had prevented a revision of the DREYFUS sentence, or if it can now prevent a decision that will be accepted as just, the republic of France is under a military tyranny compared with which the empires of the Kaiser and Tsar are free and enlightened governments.

THE autonomists of Cuba insist, naturally, upon an independent government for their island, and they have made a declaration of this opinion which is of great importance. There seems to be a growing sentiment in this country to the effect that we shall be obliged to assume the government of Cuba because we have discovered that the Cuban soldiers under GARCIA are worthless creatures, who aroused a distaste and inspired a dislike in the American soldier for everything Cuban. We know more than this: we know that the government for which GARCIA and GOMEZ fought, and of which MASSO was, or is, the pretended President, does not exist, and has not existed. We know now that President MCKINLEY and Congress were justified in refusing to recognize the belligerency or independence of the Cuban Republic, and that we made a happy escape from FORAKER and his crowd. This knowledge ought to inspire a modest reticence in the Jingoes who urged us into war for the sake of the Cubans who were "struggling for their liberties," but it does not do that; on the contrary, it inspires them to say that since it has been proved that they were wholly wrong before the war, and that they were insisting upon an attitude which wiser men told them then would be a false one, that therefore we should now accept their counsels and assume the government of the island. The truth is, however, that nothing whatever has been proved as to the capacity of the Cubans for self-government, whether by acts of GARCIA and his men or by the recognized and admitted feebleness of the MASSO government. Even the non-existence of that government, now alleged by GARCIA, does not prove that the Cubans cannot manage their own affairs. The people of the island are not all in the insurgent army. On the contrary, the business of the island is conducted by them; they manage the sugar plantations; they grow tobacco; they furnish the workmen for the mines of the eastern end of the island; many of them are capitalists and good citizens; and these men, we fancy, are to be found in the autonomist party. The United States have no right to say that Cuba cannot govern itself because a few ragged insurgent soldiers have turned out to be worthless pilferers. We are in duty bound to permit the whole population of Cuba to decide this question for itself. We are under the highest obligations to permit the people to vote on this question; and if they decide that they want independence, it is our duty to leave the island to its people, as Congress promised that we should.

THE UN-AMERICAN POLICY.

THE discussion of the future foreign policy of the United States is increasing in interest—the opponents of expansion, as the New York *Times* has pointed out, having the advantage of character and ability. In the current number of HARPER'S MONTHLY is a clear and strong argument in behalf of the maintenance of American institutions by ex-Secretary CARLISLE. It follows and supplements a recent article published in the same periodical by Mr. JAMES BRYCE, whose warning against the perils of colonial expansion is tempered by the natural self-restraint of a foreigner speaking to us concerning our own affairs, but is also quick with the intelligent interest which Mr. BRYCE, beyond any other foreigner, has in our republic. On the same side have ranged themselves Mr. CARL SCHURZ, Mr. GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, Senator CAFFERY, and Mr. CLEVELAND, among other Americans, and Mr. JOHN MORLEY and other leading Liberals, the long-time friends of the United States, among Englishmen. On the other side we have some exuberant and restless young adventurers, some politicians who find phrase-making and demagogy easier than thinking, some editors who mistake cerebral excitement for patriotism and noise for statesmanship, some commercial adventurers who are eagerly interested in the proposition that the government shall buy markets for them with blood and treasure, and some Englishmen, like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who realize that if they can only persuade the United States to take the Philippines, Great Britain will be sure to have this country for an ally in any trouble that may arise in China between herself and Russia. Surely if character and ability ever lend weight to one side of a controversy, there is good reason to ask the country to pause and consider before plunging into a departure toward world power, world responsibilities, and world troubles, on the ground of the intellectual and moral differences between the opponents and advocates of expansion.

There is another reason for listening to the opponents of this new movement than the merits of their arguments. They are more consistently American than the advocates of expansion. They are the champions of the fundamental principles of the republic, the hopeful and confident believers in the soundness of the democratic form of government, and in the high achievements of its future. The advocates of expansion, on the other hand, are proving their loss of faith in democratic institutions and their distrust of the American experiment. They denounce as old-fashioned and outgrown WASHINGTON'S and JEFFERSON'S counsels against mingling our affairs and our destinies with those of monarchical Europe. They hold that the Declaration of Independence erred in asserting it to be a "self-evident truth that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." They scout the word of LINCOLN, and insist that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" has perished from the earth, notwithstanding Gettysburg and Bunker Hill. Whether they like it or not—and they profess not to like it—they are really imperialists, for they are endeavoring to overturn the democratic form of government, to destroy the ideals of the republic, to revolutionize American politics by changing the United States from a popular self-government to a power ruling over alien and unwilling peoples, who will not be free and independent, who will be subjects, who will not have a voice in the making of the laws by which they are governed, and who will be taxed without being represented. And yet these enemies of American institutions, these rebels against the policy which has made the United States what they are, and which has built up American citizenship as it exists, have the insolence to declare that those who favor the maintenance of these institutions and that policy are "un-American." In other words, they recognize the character of the task in which they are engaged by objecting to the labels which properly describe them, and by trying to attach one of them to their opponents. Illustrations of the old fable of the thief who sought to turn attention from himself to his honest pursuers are constantly cropping up in modern life, but no renewal of the old trick within our memory is quite so bold as this one made by those Americans who are so tired of their government and its foundation principles that they desire to join the mediæval procession, the head of which, for the moment, is the Tsar of Russia.

The controlling idea of the fantastics who are seeking to escape from republican to imperial conditions was expressed by Attorney-General GRIGGS in his recent speech before the Republican State Convention of New Jersey. There was an unusual amount of demagogy in this speech, but the sum and substance of it was that by annexing distant islands, and by assuming the government of semi-savage peoples, the politics of the United States would grow in dignity and in interest, and a new race of statesmen would spring up, because the questions that would then present themselves for solution would appeal to intellectual and educated men with more force than do the questions of to-day. Domestic politics, in the opinion of Attorney-General GRIGGS, are "too often artificial and transient," and he longs for the time when we shall get away from them.

What are the problems which Mr. GRIGGS despises, and what is the character of our domestic affairs which appear to him to be so mean and petty? In the first place, by adhering to the policy which was marked out for us not only by the fathers, but by our geographical situation, and subsequently by the enormous extent of our territory, a mighty and consistent whole, the American nation and the American citizen have come to be what they are. The men who have built up this country and made it one of the most powerful and prosperous nations of the world are the products of American institutions, which have made men self-respecting and absolutely independent through equality of privileges and equality of power—an equality that will be at once destroyed by the assumption of the power to govern other people. We have attained the heights which appear so low to Mr. GRIGGS largely by reason of our freedom from foreign complications and from the burdens of war and militarism, but mainly by the growth of character developed by our recognition of the right of every human creature to his personal liberty, and of every separate community to govern itself by its own laws, and for the furtherance of its own conception of what is best for itself. These achievements do not arrest Mr. GRIGGS's attention, nor does it occur to him that this republic, the isolated power of the Western continents, guarding its own destinies, not sharing in the international politics of Europe—the chief products of which have been war and diplomatic intrigue—but attending to its own affairs, and developing its own citizens, has had more influence in Europe itself in ameliorating both social and political conditions than all the rest of the world combined. The domestic politics which has produced this kind of result seems to Mr. GRIGGS to be so "artificial and transient" that the American people should adopt a new policy — should

turn their backs upon the tasks which they have heretofore pursued, and which have made for human liberty and human happiness, in order that their minds may find relaxation and inspiration in controlling the affairs of savages in the Philippines, and in pushing the commerce of our protected industries into the valley of central China.

As to the present problems which Mr. GRIGGS wishes to escape, some of which are due to perversions of our political system, perversions to which the imperial plan would give a long extension of life, their proper solution is vital to the interests of the republic. They involve and include the questions arising out of our commercial policy. We are on the point of determining whether we shall continue our seventeenth-century trade policy or follow a more enlightened plan. We are endeavoring to make the government more efficient by reforming our civil service. We are doing our utmost to make political life more attractive to the honest and able man by the elimination of a corruption that is killing. We are engaged in solving elementary but necessary problems in finance. We are face to face with grave questions of reforms in the administration of justice. We are beginning to struggle with the boss, who for the moment has so revolutionized our form of government that it is an absolutism in the selection of its officers—an absolutism presided over in each party in more than one of our States by an irresponsible person who is so powerful that, in New Jersey, for example, Mr. GRIGGS could not secure a nomination for any office from his own party, even if a majority of the voters of his party wished to give it to him, if his party's State machine objected.

All these problems are difficult, but they are also interesting and dignified. They are beginning to attract the attention of the most intelligent and best of the younger generation of voters. They are not only American questions, but they are of the utmost importance to the cause of democracy everywhere. Indeed, upon their proper solution depends the immediate condition of democracy. They are, in our opinion, infinitely more important than the work in which the expansionists would have the republic engage, which is, reduced to its true terms, the opening up of a few tropical fields for the commerce of a few American citizens. Not only are these domestic questions of more moment than the proposed international questions, but their abandonment would, for the time at least, be the abandonment of the effort now in progress to make the democratic form of government as effective as an administrative instrument as it has been beneficent to the individual citizen. If it is un-American to promote the interests of America, then the opponents of expansion are un-American. On the other hand, if it is un-American to avoid the vital problems of our country and our time, and to abandon democracy for imperialism, then the expansionists must bear the odium of the accusation.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT FOR GOVERNOR.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S nomination as the Republican candidate for Governor of New York is one good fruit of the war. We say it is a fruit of the war because without the popular enthusiasm which Mr. ROOSEVELT aroused by his conduct as leader of the Rough Riders he could not have received the Republican nomination. Naturally no Republican in the State who was a possible candidate for the Governorship is more offensive to Mr. PLATT than Colonel ROOSEVELT. And at first, we have no doubt, Mr. PLATT was determined that Mr. ROOSEVELT should not be the head of the Republican ticket this year. Events, however, were too strong for the master-boss, and finally he accepted the inevitable, because if he had not he would have been obliged to accept Governor BLACK, who, without ROOSEVELT'S strength, was quite as offensive to him, but for other reasons; and, besides, any other candidate than ROOSEVELT would probably have been defeated by the Democrats. A happy conjunction of events made Mr. ROOSEVELT'S nomination possible.

Notwithstanding some evil features attending the nomination, it is one in which good citizens will rejoice, because it shows that the people still have a power which they can be stimulated to exercise on supreme occasions, and before which the most absolute boss must give way. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S nomination will probably receive the hearty and enthusiastic support of most of the good citizens of the State of New York. While it is too early to say that it is an augury of a good time coming, it is a fact that the nomination carries us back to better days in the history of the State. In point of character the candidate is worthy of the time before PLATT and CROKER dominated the Republican and Democratic machines. Mr. ROOSEVELT is a worthy successor of the men who were Governors before the time of CORNELL, and of Mr. CLEVELAND, the only Governor who, since CORNELL'S time, has maintained the old traditions. Mr. ROOSEVELT, no matter on what grounds his own canvass may be conducted, will be supported by intelligent and thinking citizens, because he is an able and intelligent man, a good administrative officer, and a thoroughly honest gentleman. The presence of such a man as he is needed in Albany, because of the crimes that have been committed by the officials of the party which has now been forced to nominate him as its candidate for Governor, and because of the condition in which men like ALDRIDGE and PAYN have put the affairs of the State. We can trust Governor ROOSEVELT to change the men and the things who have disgraced the Empire State during Governor BLACK'S administration. He cannot be anything but a reformer, and even while his heart may be beating for the Philippines, his mind will be occupied with the affairs of the State of New York, and will do his duty intelligently and honestly.

It is true, too, that in a way his candidacy rests upon national issues, for at the coming election the State of New York is to choose members of the House of Representatives at Washington and legislators who will elect a successor to EDWARD MURPHY. The Republicans of the State, like the Republicans of Iowa and Connecticut, have pronounced in favor of currency legislation that will not only put the finances of the country upon a gold basis, but will reform our currency laws in such a way that the evils which have led to the free-silver movement, and have given it its strongest impulse, will be cured, and we need to be rid of the silver heresy and EDWARD MURPHY.

THE CONTROL OF THE NILE VALLEY.

THE presence of an armed French force at Fashoda will need a lot of explanation. Sir EDWARD GREY, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lord ROSEBERY'S cabinet, warned France in 1895 that any intrusion on the Nile Valley would be looked upon as "an unfriendly act." Fashoda is a thousand miles and more from the nearest French possessions. France made no objection when Germany, Italy, and Belgium in turn acknowledged Great Britain's claim to control the territory in which it stands. How, then, account for the appearance and martial activity of French officers in a town hundreds of leagues from their proper posts, and tacitly confessed by their government to belong to another power?

A glance at the map shows that France stands greatly in need of a connecting link between her possessions in Central Africa and the fortified station of Obok, on the Red Sea. Fashoda meets that requirement, not quite so well as could be wished, but still sufficiently to make it worth occupying. It is within possible striking distance of the French Congo, and easily accessible from Abyssinia, where French influence carries weight with MENELEK. Also it has many advantages of its own. The power that holds Fashoda has control of the province of Bahr-el-Ghazal, said to be the finest recruiting-ground in all Africa, and can make a bid for the Sennar district to the north, which is known as the "granary of the Sudan." Add to these inducements the chance of worrying England and of becoming the latest heroes of the boulevards, and the immediate motives of the French officers in venturing on the Nile Valley are made clear.

But, above everything else, Fashoda is a tempting bait because its possession means the possession of the sources of the Nile, and whoever controls the sources of the Nile controls Egypt. A difference of seven or eight feet in its periodical rise is the difference between flood and famine from Khartum to Cairo. With the French settled at Fashoda, the prosperity, the industries, the very life of Egypt would be in their hands. Not much engineering skill would be needed to divert the Nile from its course, under the pretext of irrigating a special district, and so ruin Egypt at a stroke. Of course a diabolical jest of this kind may be very far from French intentions, but the risk is too great for England to run. Great Britain is not going to see her work in Egypt dependent upon the good-will of a few French officers on the Upper Nile, even if their presence were not fatal to the "Cape to Cairo" dominion, which is the goal of British policy in Africa.

The French will therefore be requested to evacuate Fashoda, and after some protests, and an effort or two to carry out the bluff, they will probably do it. If not, Great Britain will hardly hesitate to turn them out. After the successful two years' struggle in the Sudan, Englishmen are not in the mood for another of Lord SALISBURY'S graceful concessions, let alone the very general feeling that the friendship of France in her present condition is not worth making sacrifices for. But whether by compulsion or persuasion Fashoda will have to be given up. Even so the control of the Nile Valley will not be finally assured to Great Britain. The French have made prodigious efforts within the last ten years to win the friendship of the Negus of Abyssinia. It was with French rifles, and under the guidance of French officers, that MENELEK defeated the Italians at Adowa, and KITCHENER'S campaign was primarily begun to prevent an alliance between the Negus and the Khalifa. How far MENELEK has yielded himself to his French and Russian advisers nobody quite knows, but there is enough uncertainty about his attitude to make Downing Street uneasy. If his splendid fighting strength were to be turned against a British advance southward, the Sirdar would hardly find the last half of the reconquest of the Sudan so easy as the first.

GOLF ETHICS.

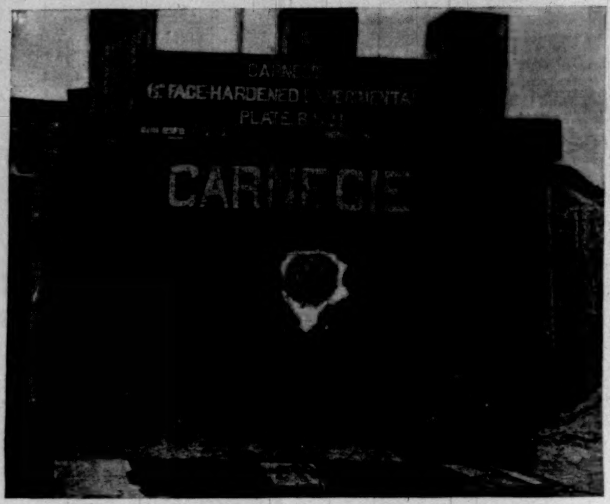
IN theory golf is an admirably simple game; in practice it involves difficulties innumerable. Its accepted code is cumbrous and curiously obscure; and as no two golf courses are exactly alike in physical characteristics, it is easy to see how questions of interpretation may constantly arise. Again, the game is played over a large area, and the opponents in a match are often widely separated. It is such an easy thing to surreptitiously improve the lie of one's ball; and while the unfortunate man in a bunker is not to be judged too harshly if he forgets that he has played thirteen strokes instead of a dozen, the fact remains that he may cheat with comparative impunity, if he cares to take advantage of his opportunities. Of course in an important match there is not much chance for sharp practice, but there are contingencies outside of mere vulgar cheating.

Golf is full of technicalities, and many of its penalties are unduly proportioned to the crime for which they are exacted. The question then arises as to how far a player may take advantage of his adversary upon purely technical grounds and yet retain his standing as a sportsman.

An important match was in progress, and it so happened that no referee was in attendance. A doubtful point arose, and one of the players turned to his opponent for the needful information. Granting that a player is supposed to know his own business, how should the opponent (who did know) have answered? He would have been well within his *rights* if he had declined to give any information, and, without particular injury to his own prospects, he might have answered the question explicitly. What he did do was to return a reply carefully worded, but ambiguous in its nature. The player was deceived, and committed an infraction of the rules. The opponent thereupon claimed and exacted the penalty.

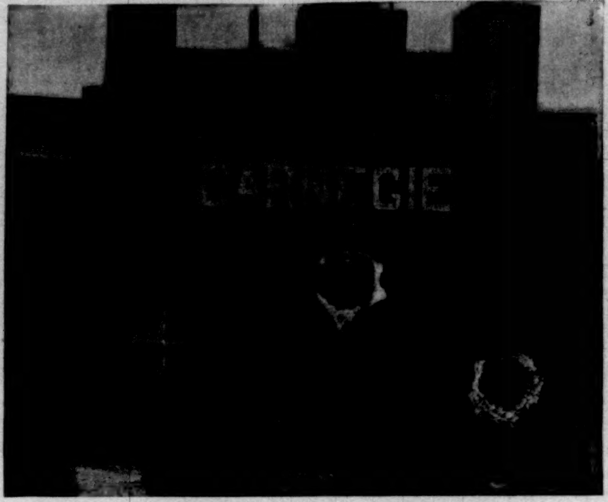
Well, the question may admit of argument, but the nub of the matter seems to be that the mere winning is an unimportant thing compared to the sport itself. There have been periods in our athletic history when this fact was in danger of being overlooked entirely, but of late years a healthier sentiment has arisen. We now require that honors must be won fairly as well as ably. What is the object of the amateur golf meeting? Is it simply to decide who shall have his name engraved upon the HAVEMEYER vase, or is it to determine who is the premier golfer of the year? If the latter, the golf-lawyer must be unplaced equally with the duffer.

It is pleasant to record the fact that both the titular British and American amateur golf-champions are men whose sportsmanship is as distinguished as is their skill. Everybody knows that "Freddy" TAIT is the most chivalric of opponents, and although he prefers to be a gentleman first and a golfer afterwards, it does not appear that he has lost many laurels by the decision. The fine play of Mr. DOUGLAS in the recent tournament at Morristown was admired by thousands of spectators, but his unassuming courtesy and thorough-going sportsmanship were quite as much in evidence as was his skill. On one occasion he assisted his opponent in finding a lost ball, and on another he refused to accept an advantage which his adversary was about to accord through an oversight. The same may be said of the runner-up, Mr. W. B. SMITH. In the final match each man did his best to win, but there was not the shadow of an unfairness in the struggle. If golf, as its admirers assert, is the finest of sports, it can only be worthily exploited by gentlemen, and under the most rigorous conditions of honor and fair play.



No. 1—IMPACT OF 6-INCH ARMOR-PIERCING PROJECTILE (CARPENTER), WITH STRIKING VELOCITY OF 2021 FOOT-SECONDS.

Estimated penetration, 2.5 inches. Back bulge, 1.5 inches high. No other effect on plate, bolts, backing, or structure.



No. 2—IMPACT OF 6-INCH ARMOR-PIERCING PROJECTILE (CARPENTER), WITH STRIKING VELOCITY OF 2237 FOOT-SECONDS.

Estimated penetration, 5 inches. Back bulge, 4.5 inches high. No other effect on plate, backing, or structure.

KRUPP ARMOR-PLATE TESTS.

A CONTROVERSY long drawn out, between the makers of armor plate and Congress, may be disposed of, though not settled, through the agency of certain tests made recently at Indian Head, on the Potomac, by the Ordnance Bureau of the Navy Department. Those tests, according to Captain O'Neil, the chief of the Ordnance Bureau, render it practically certain that the newly invented Krupp armor plate will be used on the new ships of the navy. The ships in sight for which armor-plate contracts are yet to be made are three battle-ships and four Monitors.

There has been no controversy in the history of the navy more bitter than that which grew out of an investigation of the manufacture of armor plate made by a committee of Congress during the last administration. The Navy Department had been paying between $400 and $500 a ton for armor plate of Harveyized steel. At the same time, it was claimed by the manufacturers, Russia paid American concerns $500 a ton for the same kind of armor. A committee of Congress undertook to prove what was the cost of making armor plate. Its report said that armor plate could be made at a profit for $300 a ton. Congress then offered the steel companies $300 a ton for armor. They made a counter-offer at $400, which Secretary Herbert wanted Congress to accept. But Congress stood by the committee report, and even voted for an investigation to determine the feasibility of building a government armor plant. This was the state of the controversy when the war broke out.

At about that time it was announced that in the Krupp works at Essen had been invented a new way of hardening plates, superior to the Harvey process. The license to use this new process in the United States was obtained by the Carnegie Company. At that time it was said that the Krupp plate would be offered to the government at the price of the Harveyized plate, $400, and that thus the objection of Congress would be met, viz., by giving the navy more for its money, but adhering to the manufacturer's rate. This statement was denied to me recently by an officer of the Carnegie Company, who told me the price would be more than $400; and Captain O'Neil, chief of the Ordnance Bureau of the Navy Department, tells me it will probably be $525 a ton. Still, Captain O'Neil thinks Congress will appropriate the money for the Krupp armor, since the tests made at Indian Head show it to be the best armor ever made. Congress, he says, cannot afford to be illiberal with the navy after the demonstration of its value made in the recent war. The increase in cost of the armor plate by 31¼ per cent. does not mean a proportionate increase in the cost of a battle-ship; for, being of a higher power of resistance, the Krupp plate can be made thinner than that of Harveyized steel without lessening its protective value. Captain O'Neil figures the saving in weight at 350 tons for a battle-ship, and this estimate contemplates putting thin armor on parts of the ship heretofore unprotected. Probably no armor thicker than 12 inches will be used where armor of 18 and 18 inches protects the old battle-ships. This saving in weight will help the department to meet the problem of increasing the speed of the battle-ship without lessening her offensive or defensive power. Another element contributing to this end will likely be the substitution of 12-inch for 13-inch guns. The Ordnance Bureau is now making a 12-inch gun of 52 tons weight which will resist a charge calculated to give 3000 foot-seconds velocity to a projectile, where the 13-inch gun, weighing 61 tons, develops a projectile velocity of 2000 foot-seconds. The loss in mass will be more than balanced by the gain in velocity.

Two tests of the new armor have been made at Indian Head. A 6-inch plate was tested July 13, and a 12-inch plate September 22. In each case one-half the plate had been tested successfully at the Bethlehem Iron-Works, though the test of the 12-inch plate had not been complete for lack of a 12-inch gun on the proving-grounds. The tests made at Indian Head resulted as shown in the tables below:

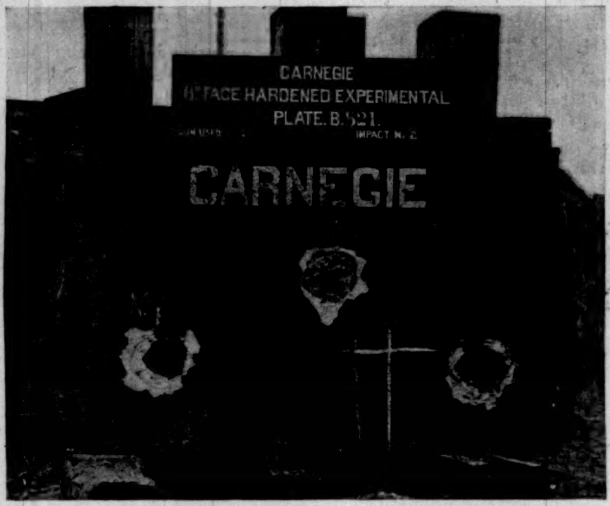
An important feature of all these tests was that the plates were not cracked.

The best plate made abroad was forged at the Creusot works in France. It developed a resistance of 1.41 compared with wrought iron. The resistance of the Krupp plate is 1.71, and it is estimated that a reforged Krupp plate would have a resistance of 2.50. The best Harveyized plate has been hardened to a depth of only 2 inches. The hardening of the Krupp plate extends 4 inches below the surface.

The process by which the Krupp armor is made is secret. Officials of the Carnegie Company say it is known to only two men—experts who were sent to Essen to study it—and even they do not know the last word on the subject. The increased cost, it is claimed, is represented by the slowness of the process of manufacture.

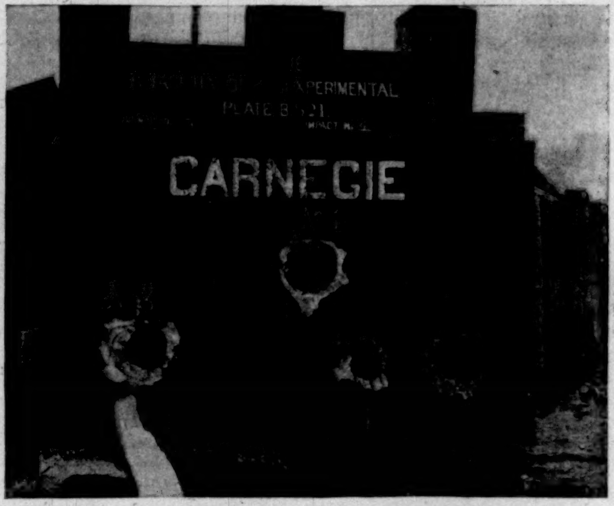
Though the ordnance experts favor the adoption of the new plate, I have heard it stated very positively that Congress will not follow their advice, so we may see a renewal of the armor-plate controversy this winter.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.



No. 3—IMPACT OF 6-INCH ARMOR-PIERCING PROJECTILE (CARPENTER), WITH STRIKING VELOCITY OF 2350 FOOT-SECONDS.

Penetrated the plate, the 12-inch oak backing, and brought up against the two ⅝-inch steel plates without cracking them.



No. 4—IMPACT OF CAPPED 6-INCH ARMOR-PIERCING PROJECTILE (CARPENTER), WITH STRIKING VELOCITY OF 1984 FOOT-SECONDS.

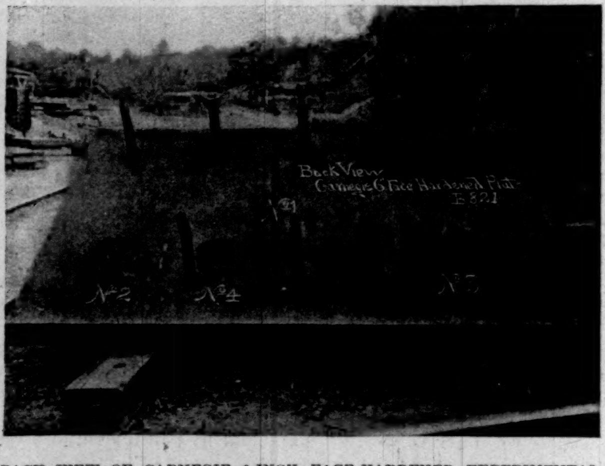
Penetrated plate, backing, and skin plates, and went a few inches into the sand-butt, not covering itself with sand.

JULY 13.—SIX-INCH PLATE, MOUNTED ON 12 INCHES OF OAK, WITH ⅝-INCH SKIN PLATE.

Round.	Projectile.	Striking velocity.	Penetration.
		Foot-seconds.	Inches.
1	Carpenter 6-inch armor-piercing shell.	2021	2½
2	" " " "	2237	5
3	" " " "	2350	Through plate and backing.
4	Carpenter 6-inch shell, capped.	1984	Through plate and backing.

SEPTEMBER 22.—TWELVE-INCH PLATE SIMILARLY MOUNTED.

Round.	Projectile.	Striking velocity.	Penetration.
		Foot-seconds.	Inches.
1	Carpenter 12-inch armor-piercing shell.	1833	8½
2	Midvale " " "	2022	Through plate, backing, and skin plate.
3	Carpenter " " "	1720	4 to 5

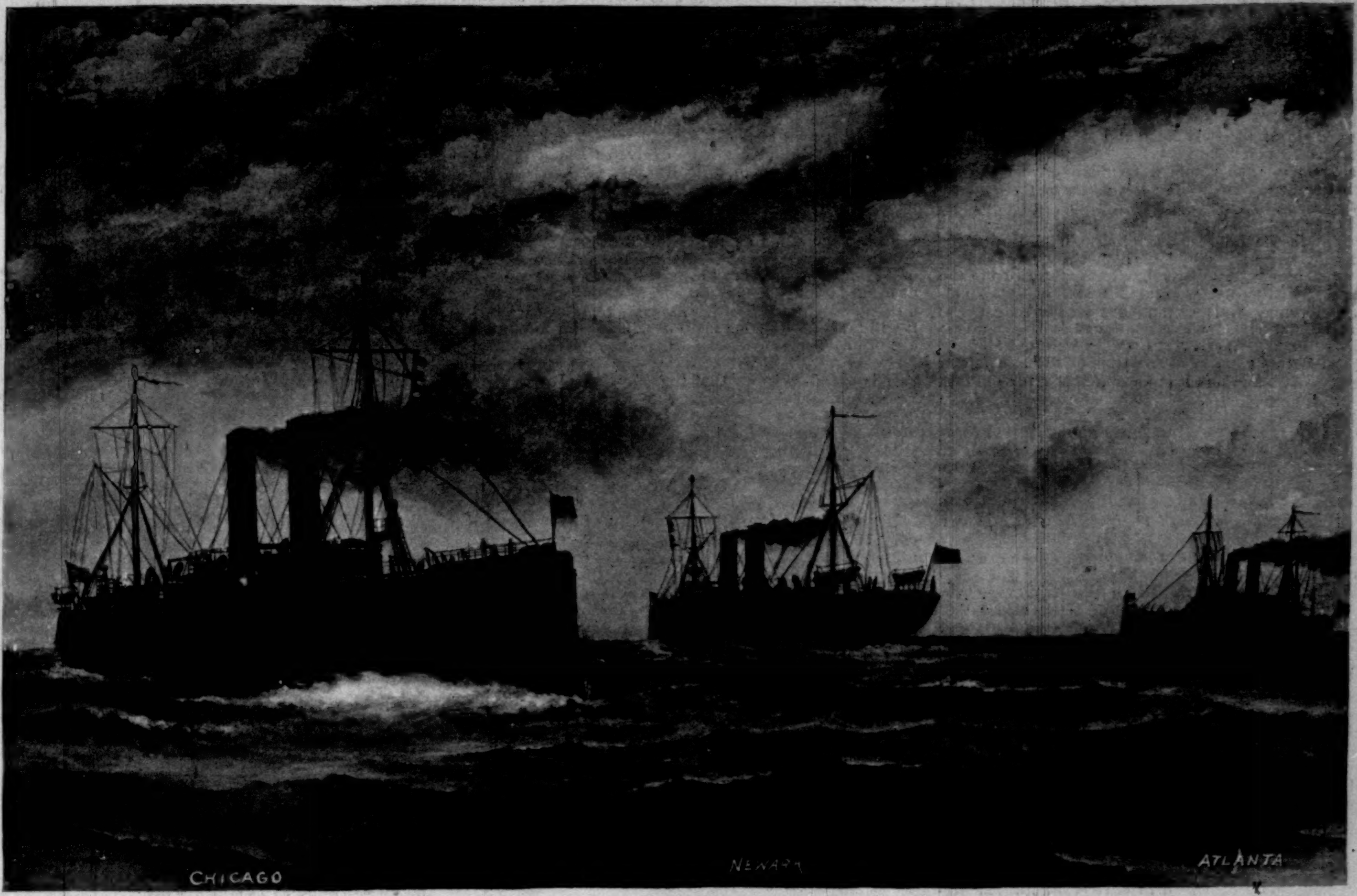


BACK VIEW OF CARNEGIE 6-INCH FACE-HARDENED EXPERIMENTAL PLATE B-821 AFTER FOUR IMPACTS.

OUR TRANSFORMED CRUISERS.

DURING the active part of the war with Spain there were three cruisers of the United States navy which were very much missed. They were the *Newark*, the *Chicago*, and the *Atlanta*. They were undergoing extensive alterations at navy-yards. Just before the peace protocol was signed the *Newark* was put into commission again. The *Chicago* is practically ready for her crew, and the *Atlanta* will probably be ready for work again in December.

Of these vessels the *Chicago* is practically new. Only the hull of the old *Chicago* remains. Her old horizontal expansion engines have been replaced by others of the triple-expansion type. Her speed has been raised from 16 to 19 knots. New ventilating apparatus has been put in. The ship has been fitted with fire-proof wood throughout, and real water-tight doors, operated from the deck, engine-rooms, or the doors themselves, have been placed in the compartments. The greatest change to the eye, however, has been the removal of the bark rig and the substitution of two modern military masts. The vessel also has an entirely new battery, consisting of fourteen 5-inch rapid-fire guns and four 8-inch guns. The 8-inch guns now in place are those the cruiser formerly had, but



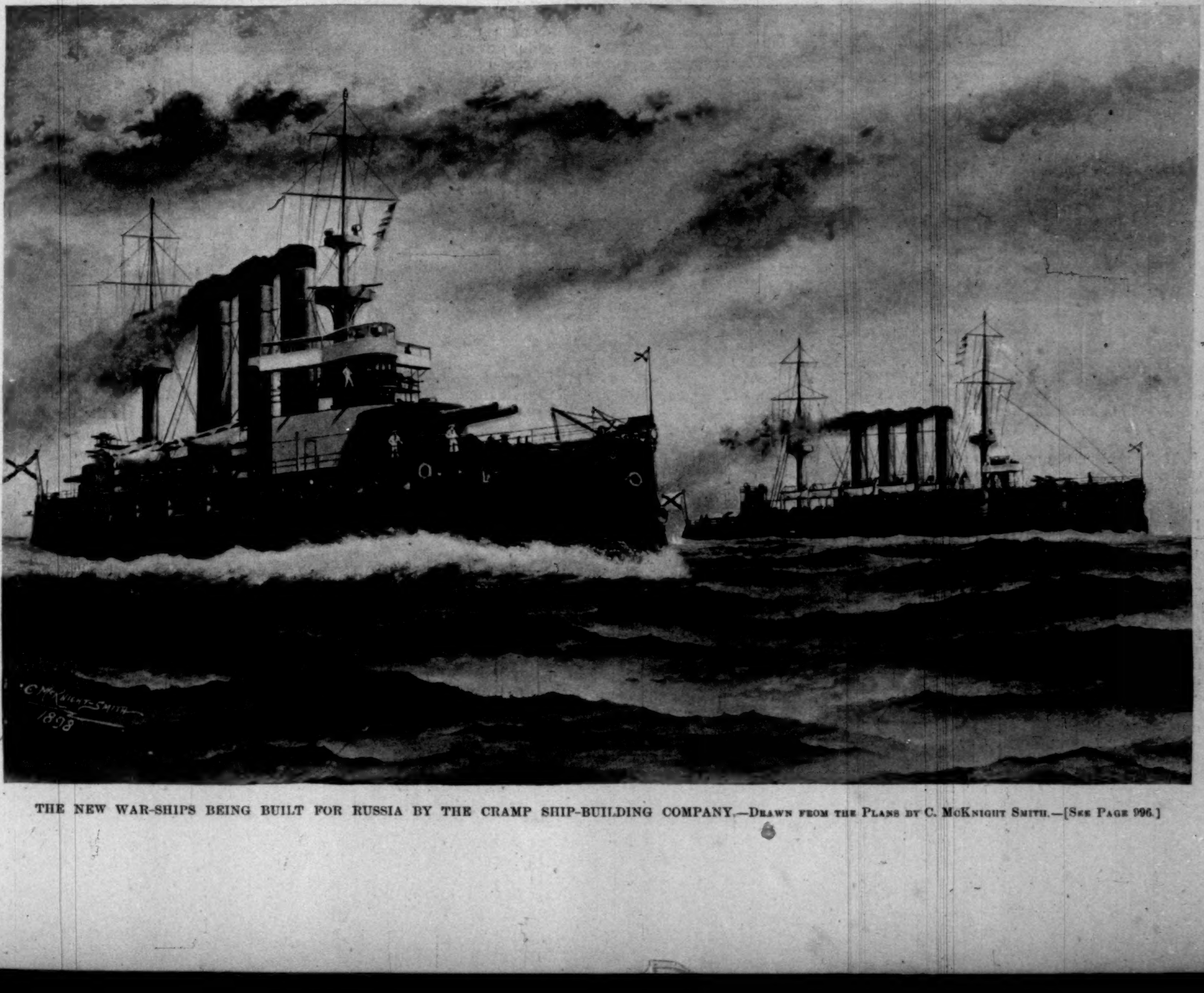
OUR THREE RECONSTRUCTED CRUISERS.—Drawn by C. McKnight Smith.

they are to be replaced with modern 8-inch of the rapid-fire type. The new guns will probably be ready in six or eight months. After that the *Chicago* will be up to date in every respect, and one of the most efficient war-ships of her class—the protected-cruiser grade—in the world. It is reasonable to say that she will be 40 per cent. more efficient than she was before. It has cost about $1,000,000 to rebuild her, which was practically her original cost.

The *Atlanta* has also been altered greatly in appearance. She was formerly brig-rigged. Now she has two steel masts with observation tops. Very little has been done to the hull of the vessel. Her engines have been reconstructed largely. They are now of the triple-expansion type. She has new boilers, and her wood-work has been changed for other of the fire-proof variety. A large part of her joiner-work has been taken out entirely. She has a new steel pilot-house, new ports for her 6-inch guns, and new emplacements for her 8-inch guns, which are to be of the rapid-fire kind. She will have the same number and the same size guns that she had formerly, except that all of them will be of the rapid-fire kind. Her 8-inch guns will be ready sometime before those of the *Chicago*.

The work on the *Newark* was not so extensive as that on the *Chicago* or on the *Atlanta*. She had a general overhauling. She was a full-rigged ship before she went to the Norfolk Navy Yard, but all her spars have been removed, and military masts have taken the place of the former rig. She has had new wooden decks and new joiner-work put in, fire-proof wood being used throughout.

The work of repairing the *Chicago* and *Atlanta* has been done at the New York Navy Yard, and that of repairing the *Newark* has been done at the Norfolk Navy Yard. The *Chicago* has been out of commission for three years, the *Atlanta* for more than two. The *Newark* was tied up for only a few months. To the eye they are new vessels; practically they are such as to capability. No other nation has any more efficient vessels of that grade than they are.



THE NEW WAR-SHIPS BEING BUILT FOR RUSSIA BY THE CRAMP SHIP-BUILDING COMPANY.—Drawn from the Plans by C. McKnight Smith.—[See Page 996.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Our growing interest in folks and affairs in the antipodes has led to increased knowledge of at least two Oriental characters with whom it would interest us to become better acquainted. We have known these many years that there was an Empress in China, but our ideas about her have been vague, and we have thought of her rather as an institution than as an individual. But of late she has got thoroughly into the American newspapers, and appears as a person of the liveliest enterprise and the strongest individuality, who makes and unmakes emperors and prime ministers, and has a surprising talent for surviving all rivals whose continued existence might imperil her plans. We regret that her Imperial Majesty did not visit this country at the time of the late fair in Chicago. As a statesman it is clear that she far outdoes our Mrs. Lease of Kansas, and there is reason to believe that neither Mr. Croker, Mr. Platt, nor Mr. Quay knows anything about deals or other details of autocratic government which she needs to learn. Unless the stories about her are inharmonious with fact, it must be that she is the most powerful female person on earth, not even excepting her neighbor the Empress of India.

Our other new acquaintance is Aguinaldo. He is new in fact as well as to our knowledge, for he is only thirty years old. What we have learned about him since we became an Eastern power is certainly adapted to increase our belief in his importance. He has the advantage over our statesmen in having a demonstrated capacity to live and maintain his energy in the climate of the Philippines. There is every prospect that we shall know him much better as time goes on.

Miss Flood's gift of her father's country place and adjoining estates at Menlo Park to the University of California recalls in some particulars the gift of Chantilly to the French Institute by the Duc d'Aumale. Miss Flood's first thought in the matter seems to have been to preserve, for a time at least, in its present form, the house and park which her father created. The house is a huge structure, built of wood, out of respect to the local tendency towards earthquakes, and set in a park of 500 acres, skilfully planted and laid out. Adjoining it is a tract of 2400 acres, which is part of the gift. The house and its contents are estimated to have cost a million dollars. Though it does not shelter priceless collections, such as add to the fame of Chantilly, it is handsomely furnished, and is reported to have some treasures of art. It must be an interesting place, and an edifying reminder of the old Bonanza days in California, when dreams came true and men's imaginings took material shape.

Note was lately made in the Weekly of the plans of the Cornell University Medical School for a domicile in New York, and of the strong start Colonel Payne has given it with his endowment of $1,500,000. The year also begins well with the rival institution which has resulted from the union of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College and the Medical School of the University of New York. The Bellevue college has brought to the university property worth half a million dollars, and Chancellor MacCracken reports that he has received during the summer, for the new school, $100,000 more. As to the dispute between the chancellor and the gentlemen now in the service of the Cornell Medical College, who hold that he overreached them, Dr. MacCracken declares that he has published a pamphlet which states his case, and that he has offered to submit everything in dispute to arbitration.

The gentlemen most lately suggested as successors to Colonel Hay in London are Congressman Robert R. Hitt, of Ohio, and Mr. Henry Adams, of Washington. Both are accomplished men. Mr. Hitt has had long experience in public life; Mr. Adams is the son of one of the most efficient ministers we ever sent to England, is a scholar and historian of distinction, and during a long residence in Washington has grown used, by long association, to diplomats and diplomacy. It is further noted that Mr. Adams has long been next-door neighbor to Mr. Hay in Washington, and that Mr. Hitt is, like Mr. Hay, an Ohio man, and was a political lieutenant of President Lincoln. Moreover, both Mr. Adams and Mr. Hitt are credited with private fortunes of sufficient scope to make them comfortable in London.

It has been suggested that General Wilson would make a good ambassador. A document that helps to give an idea of his qualifications for such a post is the address which he made on August 31 to sundry Puerto-Ricans at the plantation of Mr. Pierinisi, near Ponce. As printed in the *Sun* of September 25 it seems an exceedingly judicious and statesmanlike discourse, abounding in good counsel, conveyed in an admirable spirit, and very clearly and effectively put.

Mrs. L. M. Stevenson, the acting president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who is described as Frances Willard's niece, lately made a fervent address at the Greenacre Summer School in favor of total abstinence, prohibition, and the stoppage of all traffic and indulgence in intoxicants. The Boston *Transcript* takes her to task for saying there is "no question about the blessings the State of Maine has enjoyed through the prohibitory law, for the late Mr. Blaine and other Maine statesmen have borne testimony to them time and again." The *Transcript* suggests that statesmen in Maine and other places find it expedient to bear testimony to a good many doubtful benefits, and avers that there are more drinking-places in Portland, in proportion to its size, than in Boston, and that the United States internal-revenue returns correct the impression that the liquor traffic in Maine has been even approximately suppressed.

It would be interesting to know whether prohibition has made as good a showing in any large city in Maine as local option has made in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Stevenson spoke of the 6000 suicides and 16,000 murders which were traced to drink in this country last year, of the 80,000 drunkards that we bury annually, and the $200,000,000 which we spend every year for ardent beverages. How interesting it would be if we could know in what measure alcohol is truly a cause of crime, and how far it is merely incident to it! What would the degenerate do if they could not get drunk? Undoubtedly alcohol in the evil-minded is an incentive to evil conduct, but how far John Barleycorn's responsibility extends is a complicated question. It was a Maine man who said that he had supposed rum to be the cause of all evil until he was shut up in Andersonville prison, and discovered how much iniquity could be evolved without the aid of any alcoholic stimulant whatever.

There is no question at all about the value of temperance for all persons, and the expediency of total abstinence for a good many persons, but it is by no means certain that the moral results of universal abstinence would fulfil expectations, unless, indeed, the promoters of the experiment should have the good luck to bring it on just at the time when Satan happens to have been tied up for a thousand years. Let the adversary remain at large, and it will take more than a mere dearth of rum to close him out of business.

It is excellent news that the Royal St. Lawrence and Seawanhaka yacht clubs have suppressed the unpleasantness which arose between them, and are to sail another match next year on Lake St. Louis. The reconciliation of these rivals is a welcome concession to the strong prevailing prejudice against disputes over international yacht-races.

Report comes from the University of Wisconsin of a complicated case of college discipline, in which politics, athletics, and rival powers in the university are badly mixed up. The Athletic Council of the university has compassed the expulsion, for professionalism, of James Maybury, sprinter, and Henry Cochems, captain of the football team. The faculty sustains the council and proposes to rescind degrees already given to these men. The Board of Regents is opposed to expulsion, and frantic at the idea of rescinding degrees. The students of the university side with the regents. Maybury and Cochems have both been active in politics, especially Cochems, who wrote "The Truth About Money," used in Wisconsin in the last Presidential election, and spent nine weeks on the stump, so the Republican State Central Committee has interested itself in the case, and proposes to have the expulsion quashed. What the upshot will be has not yet transpired, but it seems a fine fight in a good cause, and no one can say any longer that the Western universities have not waked up to the importance of clean methods in sport.

It is a notable fact that while the rest of the American navy has won renown by sinking Spanish ships and keeping American vessels afloat, Lieutenant Hobson has gathered in large chunks of glory by precisely the opposite course—to wit, by running an American vessel to the bottom of the sea, and by his successful endeavors to bring Spanish war-ships to the surface. So far as appears, the work of raising such of the ships of Cervera's fleet as can be raised is in his charge. In the case of the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, his efforts came to a successful conclusion on September 23, when that vessel came off the rocks and was promptly taken to Guantanamo Bay. It was a triumph for Hobson, for the possibility of saving the ship had been seriously questioned, and at one time it had been recommended that the work on her be abandoned.

The next problem is the *Cristóbal Colon*, with which Hobson and his wreckers are now busy. That is a more difficult case, but Lieutenant Hobson maintains that he fully expects the *Colon* to carry him to New York. There is a chance also of raising the *Reina Mercedes*, but the *Oquendo* and *Vizcaya* are given up.

Mr. Charles Denby, who was American minister in China for thirteen years, has been talking out of the fulness of his experience about that country, and particularly about the missionaries there. He commends the missionaries, and says there are a great many of them, and that they are doing useful and important work. He thinks there are a million Christian converts among the Chinese, and believes that the great majority of them are sincere, for, he says, the missionaries detect the bogus converts and throw them out. Missionaries are of all sects, Catholic and Protestant, and come from Europe and America. There are fifty French bishops in China, Mr. Denby says, and he speaks of the Catholic orphanage at Foo-choo that shelters 1000 children, and of the Methodist church in Peking, built to hold 2000 persons, which gets 1000 children from the streets into its Sunday-school on Sunday. Mr. Denby has no sympathy with the sentiment that American missionaries had better work at home. He says that folks who sniff at missionary work in China don't know what is going on. As for himself, he says he made it his business to find out, and to that end, in 1886, soon after he went to China, he visited all the treaty ports and invited all the American missionaries to come and see him, and so he got a thorough insight into missionary work.

An interesting question which will be considered at the general convention of the Episcopal Church, which convened in Washington on October 5, will be the expediency of changing the name of the Church, and calling it simply "The Church in America." This change, if it is made, will greatly interest the other Protestant sects in America, producing smiles or frowns, according to the tempers of the observers, but inevitably giving an impression of bumptiousness and assumption. So far as the Episcopal Church alone is concerned, there are some very pretty reasons why it should change its name; but in so far as concerns its relations with other Protestant bodies in this country, there are some strong practical reasons why it should not.

No steamer list contains the name of Andrew Lang. The British Isles continue to be sufficiently salubrious for that eminent hack writer, and it is suspected that the nature of his engagements compels him to limit his migrations to points within twelve hours of London. It is a pity. We should like to see Mr. Lang, and, really, some of the American golf links afford a fair quality of sport. Mr. Robert Bage Kerr, the secretary of the United States Golf Association, has estimated that there is now fifty million dollars invested in the 500 golf clubs of this country; yet Mr. Lang hugs his native shores, and finds Abana and Pharpar good enough. A good and diligent man is Mr. Lang, but hopelessly insular.

Hamlin Garland has gone to the Klondike country, and the San Francisco *Chronicle* reports his arrival at Pine Creek, the newest gold camp, after a narrow escape from starvation "on the terrible Spokane route." So far this year the Klondike has been rather a disappointment, and has produced far more distress and calamity than gold or marketable copy. Now that war is over, however, its value as a literary base will begin to look up again. Whatever luck Mr. Garland has as a gold-seeker, we may hope with confidence for entertaining literature as a result of his Alaskan experiences.

Fanny Davenport, the actress, who died at Duxbury, Massachusetts, on September 26, had been on the stage in this country for forty years, and was one of the best-known members of her profession. She was born in London in 1850, and was the oldest child of Edward L. Davenport, an actor of high merit, still well remembered. Her first appearance was in 1857 as a child in her father's company at the Tremont Theatre in Boston. She appeared repeatedly in the next twelve years, and in 1869 made her début as a member of Mr. Daly's company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York, where, shortly after, she succeeded Agnes Ethel. She continued in Mr. Daly's company for nine years, showing great versatility and capacity. In 1878 she left Mr. Daly and started out as a star in "Pique." In 1882 she visited England, and appeared at Toole's Theatre in "Diane de Lys." Among her later plays have been Sardou's "Fedora," "La Tosca," "Cleopatra," and "Gismonda." Last year she brought out "The Soldier of France" in Boston, but it was not successful, and the worry of it is said to have affected her health. She was twice married—first to Edwin Price, from whom she was divorced, and, in 1888, to Melbourne MacDowell, who survives her.

The commission appointed by the President to investigate the administration of the War Department began its work on September 26 in Washington. Its duties were defined by the President in an address, in which he said:

> There has been in many quarters severe criticism of the conduct of the war with Spain. It is my earnest desire that you shall thoroughly investigate these charges and make the fullest examination of the administration of the War Department in all its branches, with the view to establishing the truth or falsity of these accusations. I put upon you no limit to the scope of your investigation. I invite the closest scrutiny and examination, and shall afford every facility for the most searching inquiry. The records of the War Department and the assistance of its officers shall be subject to your call.

The commission includes nine members. Its president, Major-General Grenville M. Dodge, born in 1831, was bred a civil engineer, served with high distinction in the civil war, and left the army, in 1866, to build the Union Pacific and Texas Pacific railroads. He has been a member of Congress from Iowa, and succeeded General Sherman as commander of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. He is now commander of the Loyal Legion for the State of New York.

Major-General Alexander McDowell McCook, born in 1831, is a graduate of West Point (1852), with a distinguished civil war record, who served long and ably in the regular army, and was retired in 1895 with the rank of Major-General.

Brigadier-General John M. Wilson, Chief of Engineers, U.S.A., graduated from West Point in 1860, and served in the civil war, chiefly as inspector-general. He has been superintendent at West Point and superintendent of public buildings and grounds. He has held his present rank and place since February, 1897.

Dr. Phineas D. Connor is a prominent physician of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Charles Denby, born in 1830, is a lawyer of Evansville, Indiana, who served in the war, coming out a colonel, and was American minister to China from 1885 to 1898.

General Jas. Adams Beaver, born in 1837, served with great gallantry in the war, and lost a leg in the campaign against Lee in 1864. In 1886 he was elected Governor of Pennsylvania, and served until 1891. After that he practised law, and is now a judge of the Appellate Court of Pennsylvania.

Urban A. Woodbury, of Burlington, Vermont, born 1838, is a veteran of the war, and was Governor of Vermont in 1896.

Captain Evan P. Howell, of Atlanta, born 1839, served in the Confederate army. He is best known as the associate of Henry W. Grady in the editorship of the Atlanta *Constitution*. He sold his interest in that paper in 1897.

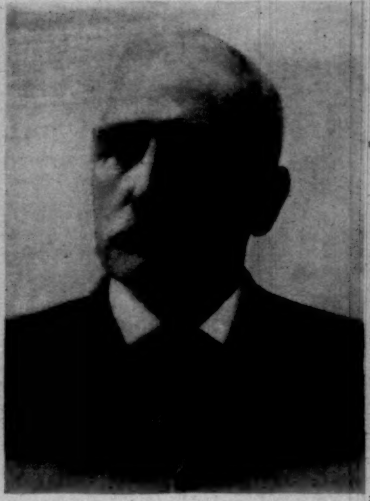
Colonel James A. Sexton, of Chicago, is a veteran of the civil war, and is the new commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was postmaster of Chicago from 1889 to 1895.

Havana despatches say that on September 26 the remains of Columbus were taken out of the sarcophagus in the cathedral at Havana, in which they had rested for more than a century, and were sealed up in a proper box to be shipped back to Spain. Columbus died in 1506, and was ceremoniously buried at Valladolid. Seven years afterwards (1513) his remains were moved to Seville and deposited in a chapel of the monastery of Las Cuevas, where, in 1526, they were joined by the body of his son Diego. In 1536 both bodies were moved to Hispaniola and deposited in the principal chapel of the cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795, when San Domingo passed to France, the Spaniards moved what was believed to be the body of Columbus to Havana; but the story is that they took not Christopher, but Diego, and the proof offered is that Columbus, by his will, ordered the chains he wore in his imprisonment to be buried with him, which was done, but that the coffin moved to Havana had no chains in it. On this ground, and perhaps for other reasons, the San Domingo people have always averred that their cathedral still held all that was left of Columbus; and perhaps they are right, though their claims have never had any standing in Havana or in Spain.

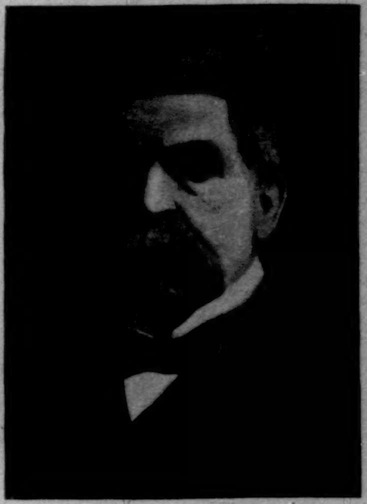
There is no present indication that any serious opposition will be made to the transfer of Havana's good-enough Columbus back to Spain, though the proceedings may yet become matter for negotiation. It may be doubted whether the attachment of Columbus to Spain was sufficiently strong to make him indisposed to continue as a tenant of

HON. CHARLES DENBY,
Of Indiana.
Photograph by Hatton.

HON. JAMES A. BEAVER,
Of Pennsylvania.



HON. URBAN A. WOODBURY,
Of Vermont.



HON. GRENVILLE M. DODGE,
Of New York.

Cuban soil after the departure of the Spanish flag from that island. His burials heretofore have always been occasions of great ceremony and display, and doubtless the next one will not be an exception.

It has been suggested to the WEEKLY that the American public has never been adequately informed as to the work done in the late war by the unprotected cruiser *Yosemite*. So far as the army was concerned, the volunteers got full credit for all they did, and if there has been ground of complaint it has been that the regulars have been comparatively slighted in the attention that has been paid to the green hands. But there has been no trouble of that kind with the navy. There the regulars have had their due, and it is possible that in the case of the *Yosemite* the naval volunteers have not got their full share of glory.

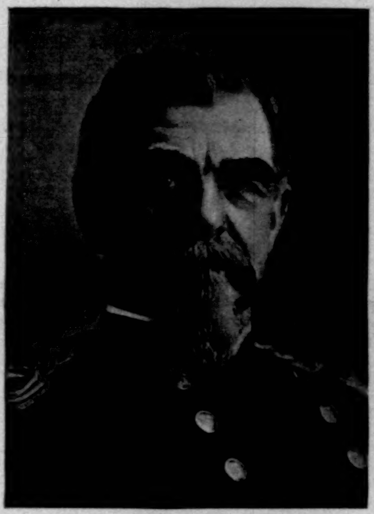
It is claimed for the *Yosemite*, manned by naval reserves from Michigan, that it fought the only sea-fight of the war against odds. The story of this feat as it comes to the WEEKLY is that the cruiser was left early in June off San Juan, Puerto Rico, to maintain the blockade for a day or two, until re-enforced. This work it did unaided for nineteen days, and on June 28 engaged three Spanish war-vessels and one torpedo-boat, which it fought for four hours, with the result that it sunk the *Antonia Lopans* and one gunboat, damaged the torpedo-boat, and drove that and the other gunboat back into the harbor. There were two hundred men from Detroit on the *Yosemite*, and in Detroit and other parts of Michigan where their work is known and appreciated, the *Yosemite's* sea-fight is felt to be the great naval exploit of the war. The feeling in those parts is that not enough has been said about that fight, and that the services of the Michigan reserves have had by no means as much advertisement as they deserved.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE GERMAN ROYAL VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

A NEW PILGRIMAGE TO AN OLD SITE.

AN event of unique interest is the approaching visit to Jerusalem of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, with a distinguished retinue, the German princes and clergy having been invited to participate. The central event is the consecration, on October 31, of an imposing new edifice in Jerusalem, "the Church of the Redeemer," the site of which centres in itself circumstances of remarkable historic interest which we briefly outline for our readers. Of our illustrations, one shows, on the right of the picture, the new church, with its lofty and massive bell-tower personally designed by the Emperor, with much of the scaffolding still in place. On the left, the near dome is a Greek church, while the other is that of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the neighboring minaret is of a Moslem mosque. Another illustration shows the laying of the corner-stone, October 31, 1893, by the Emperor's representative, Pastor Barkhausen, court chaplain, in presence of a distinguished company. The corner-stone rests on the old wall which enclosed the city at the beginning of the Christian era, uncovered in digging to place the stone. The chief document deposited in the corner-stone is of such interest that we give its text elsewhere in our columns. The date was just five years prior to the day fixed for the consecration, being the anniversary of Luther nailing his famous ninety-five theses on the Wittenberg church door that kindled the fire of the Reformation in Europe.



BRIG.-GEN. JOHN M. WILSON, U.S.A.

DOCUMENT OF EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY DEPOSITED IN THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW GERMAN CHURCH IN JERUSALEM.

[Translated from the German.]

In the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Amen.

Again, as in ancient times, the eyes of Evangelical Christianity in Germany are turned with pious reverence to the Holy places once trodden by the feet of our Lord and Saviour.

Long since awoke the desire that there, where the great act of Redemption for mankind was accomplished, a House of God might be raised, where the message of the saving grace of God in Christ Jesus might be announced clear and pure.

This wish has gained twofold weight since the number of German adherents to the Evangelical faith has increased in the Holy Land, and since the pious self-sacrifice of Evangelical Germany has founded a large number of Institutions working blessing in compassionate Love.

My august predecessors in the Throne of Prussia have, with their people, longed for the time when it would be possible to erect a house of God for the proclamation of Evangelical Christian faith. The care of my royal Grandfather, who rests in God, his Majesty the Emperor and King William I., procured the plot of ground on which the German Evangelical Church is to be built.

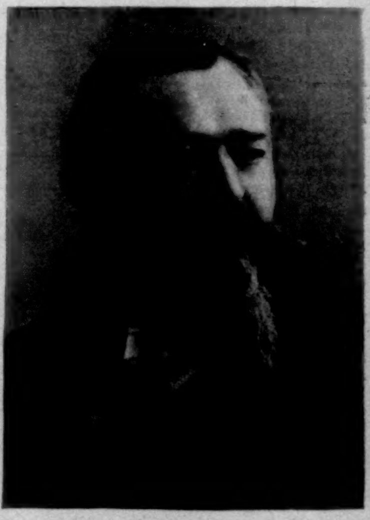
With a munificence worthy of thankful recognition did his majesty, the Sultan of the Osmanli, present us with the plot of ground on which the Mother house once stood, and where now lie the ruins of the Church of St. Maria.

On November 7, 1869, my late beloved Father, then Crown-Prince Frederick William, later German Emperor and King Frederick III., took possession of the ground lying in the vicinity of the Holy Sepulchre; the place is at the same time consecrated by great historical memories of a knightly order, which now, newly arisen, is fulfilling its ancient traditions by works of Christian love. The prosecution of the plans for this building which my illustrious predecessors in the Throne had so much at heart was not permitted to them, and only in the present moment has it become possible to take the enterprise in hand.

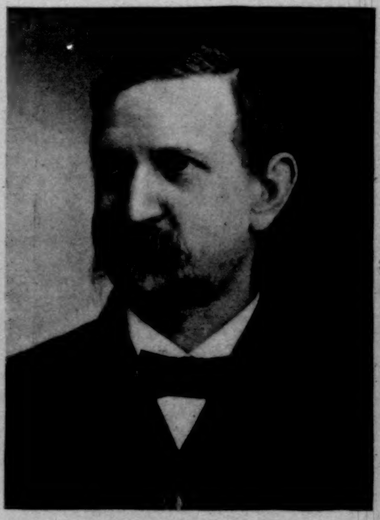
Through the willing offerings of the Evangelical German Churches, the means for building have been gathered, and I have commanded the rebuilding of the ancient Church of St. Mary to be begun on its old site, and the foundation-stone to be laid on October 31 of this year. The same day on which, by God's grace, I was permitted to dedicate the restored Schlosskirche in Wittenberg, in union with the Evangelical Princes of Germany, shall the foundation-stone of this church be laid, to announce thereby that this church too shall stand as a monument of Faith in the incarnate Son of God, the crucified and risen Redeemer, as a confession of the blessed Gospel of the grace of God as it has been opened to Evangelical Christendom through the Reformers, as a visible witness to the Unity of Faith in which the Evangelical Churches of Germany are bound with each other and all outside. I thank the Lord God that He has granted me also in this respect to carry out the thought of my illustrious Forefathers. From Him I ask grace that from the place whence the joyful message of Salvation went out to all the world the Gospel pure and simple may be proclaimed, and there, where the Lord suffered for us, He may also, in the German tongue, be praised as the one Saviour and Redeemer blessed forever. God grant it. Amen.

There is much in this coming of a great Protestant Prince and his consort, and from the father-land of the Reformation to the birthplace of Christianity, connected as it is with religious ceremonies and a brilliant following, and with possible political designs, that gives the journey the flavor of a pilgrimage, and suggests the knightly character standing amid the shadowy figures of mediæval history, with its eye turned in heroic devotion towards the Holy Sepulchre, and in which were strangely mingled religious enthusiasm, warlike daring, and chivalrous devotion to woman. Notwithstanding the attempt of a section of the press of Europe to cast ridicule on this "new pilgrimage," it is the latest and a most eminent expression of that irrepressible tendency that has manifested itself throughout Europe from the third century, when Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire in

HON. EVAN P. HOWELL,
Of Georgia.
Photograph by Schloss.



HON. JAMES A. SEXTON,
Of Illinois.

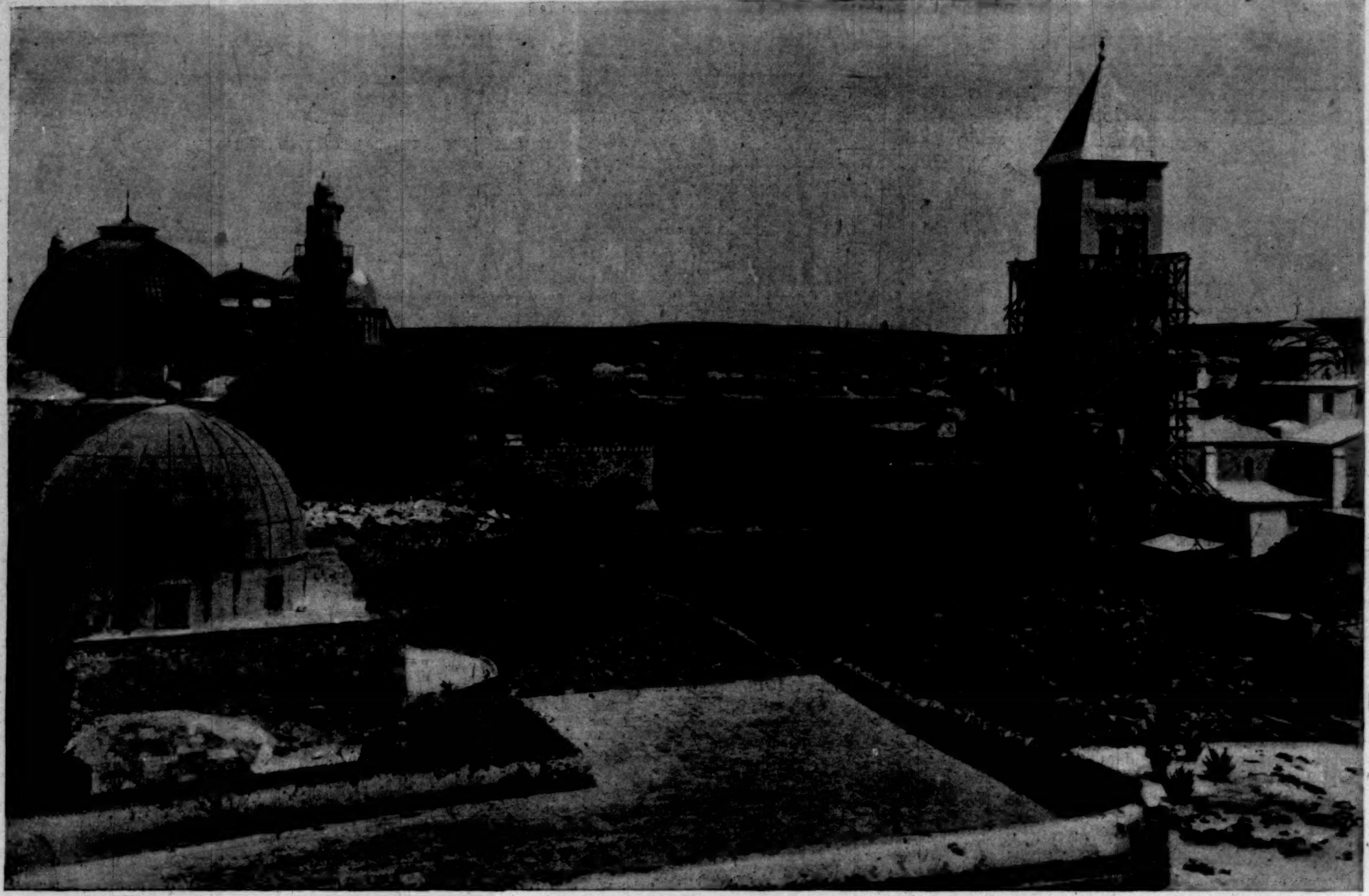


DR. PHINEAS D. CONNOR,
Of Ohio.
Photograph by Benjamin.

MAJ.-GEN. ALEXANDER McDOWELL McCOOK, U.S.A. (Retired.)

THE COMMISSION APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT McKINLEY TO INVESTIGATE CONDITIONS IN THE ARMY.

Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Mohammedan Mosque.



Greek Church.

THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, JERUSALEM—TO BE DEDICATED OCTOBER 31 IN THE PRESENCE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

peaceful pilgrimage and warlike crusade to the Holy City. The new church is built on the north end of a large plot of ground near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, presented to Emperor William I., grandfather of the present Emperor, in 1869, by the Sultan of Turkey, on the occasion of the visit of the Crown-Prince Frederick to Jerusalem at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal. This fulfilled a cherished desire on the part of the old Emperor, who had long sought a foothold in Jerusalem for German Protestant interests. This plot is the east half of the celebrated "Muristan," the west half being now in possession of the Greek Patriarchate.

As early as the reign of Charlemagne we find historic mention of this site as a monastery founded by this prince, and as the Church of Sta. Maria Latina, with western rites, and in charge of the Benedictines. They were destroyed in 1018, in common with all the churches of Jerusalem, by the Moslems under the Egyptian Khalif Hakim. When the persecution had subsided the ruins were purchased by Italian merchants of Amalfi, who, in 1063, built here the hospital which soon after became the birthplace and cradle of the renowned order of the Knights of St. John, which began as a simple brotherhood of hospitallers to minister to sick pilgrims, but grew quickly into a powerful order, adding warlike exploits to deeds of mercy. On this ground arose successively the Church of the Order of St. John (whose ruins, now being uncovered by the Greeks, are in the west half of the original plot), the palace of the master of the order, the dwellings of the knights, a splendid armory, and mews. Through the portal one stepped from the Street of the Holy Sepulchre into the hospital, supported by one hundred and twenty-four columns, built to accommodate one thousand pilgrims and invalids. In the northeast corner, where the new church stands, was the Church of St. Mary Major, whose ruins were uncovered when, a few years ago, the débris was cleared away by the German architects, and the present edifice is a restoration of this ancient church, built in old French style, the old double-arched northern entrance, elaborately carved with figures symbolizing the twelve months of the year, being found standing in good preservation, and which is now built into the new church as its most interesting feature. Back of the Church of St. Mary Major stood the cloister of the affiliated order of nuns, and which may be seen to-day still in good condition. This and a large space still to the south, beneath which are huge subterranean chambers, were included in the gift to Emperor William I., and there a large hospice will be built, and will replace the present hospice, which appears in one of our illustrations, showing on the entrance-door the cross of the order of the Knights of St. John, now again revived.

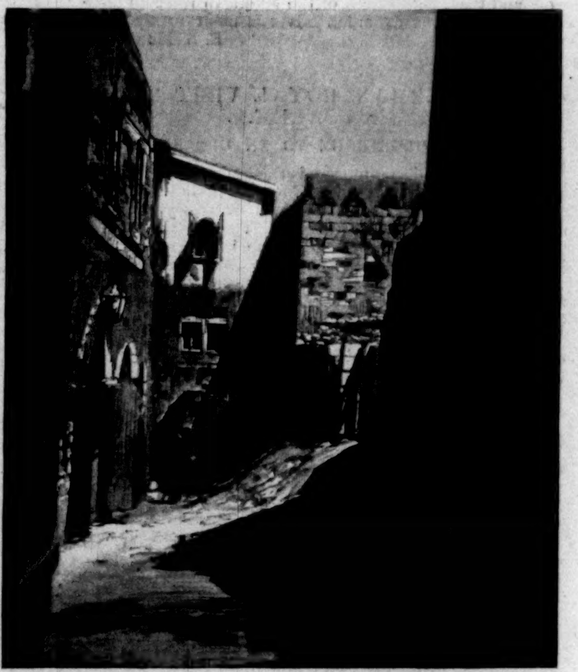
In 1187, after the ninety years of the rule of the Crusaders in Jerusalem, Saladin (Saleh-ed-deen) conquered the city, and converted the cloister of the sisterhood (the nuns having fled) into a mad-house, called in Arabic "Muristan," from which the whole area took and still retains its name. It afterwards became "wakuf," or endowed ecclesiastical property, and inalienable except at the will of the Sultan. So now, after seven hundred years, the eastern half has, by the gift of the Sultan, come again into Christian hands, and is to again be the site of a hospice of the same knightly order that so long ago began and flourished here, as afterwards in Rhodes, and then in Malta, from which they were dislodged by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1798.

It was a fond dream of William the Great to bring about cordial relations between the national Churches of the two great European Protestant nations. With this in view, a Bishopric of Jerusalem was founded in 1842, under the joint protection of the German and British governments, the office to be held alternately by a German pastor, to be ordained by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and an English bishop. Unhappy dissensions between the German and English sections of the Jerusalem Protestant community culminated, in 1886, in final separation and an abandonment of the joint bishopric. And now that the Germans are consecrating their new church with such imposing accompaniments, a pile of buildings, north of the Damascus Gate, in mediæval architecture, including a church, bishop's residence, schools, etc., is being completed by the English Bishop Blyth for early dedication, to be attended by the first ecclesiastical dignitaries of England. The German half of the fund deposited by the two governments for the support of the bishop went to swell the sum which the German church has cost, which has been contributed to by all the evangelical churches of Germany.

Great interest has been aroused by the prospect of this royal visit. In Palestine itself preparations are being extensively and enthusiastically made in the repairing of roads to be traversed by the imperial cortége, and the building of new roads to the Mount of Olives and Mar Saba to enable them to be reached by carriage, and alterations, repairs, and enlargement of the public works of Jerusalem itself, and the erection of triumphal arches, etc. The course of Germany in espousing the Turkish cause in the late Turco-Grecian war has given her Emperor a strong hold upon the affections of all classes here.

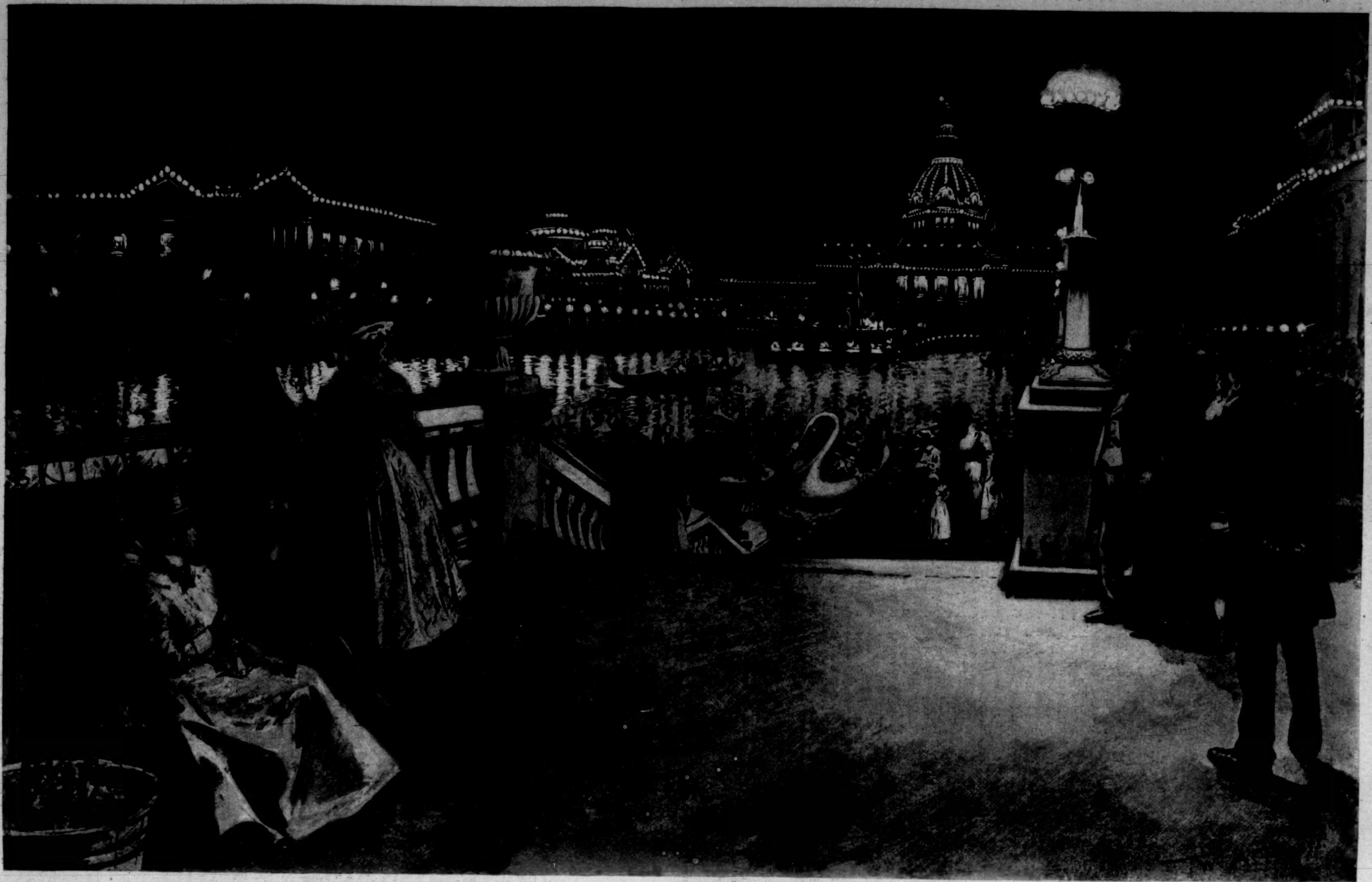
The royal party are to land at Haifa on Wednesday, October 26. They come by carriage by several stages to Jerusalem (the entrance of the Emperor, however, to be on horseback), arriving on the following Saturday. The consecration of the church is to take place on Monday the 31st. Visits are planned to the Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, Mar Saba, and Jericho. The offer of the Sultan to provide the expenses of the trip has been declined with thanks.

E. F. BALDWIN.



JERUSALEM STREET, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO THE PRESENT HOSPICE OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

LAYING CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW GERMAN CHURCH IN JERUSALEM, OCTOBER 31, 1893.



THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA—ILLUMINATION OF THE GROUNDS AT NIGHT.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT THE EXPOSITION.—[SEE PAGE 987.]

LONDON.

September 17, 1898.

MORE interesting times than these we have not had since the Crimean war. Events follow each other rapidly. Perhaps the most interesting phenomenon of all is the composure and placidity of the public mind. Since my last letter the battle of Omdurman has been fought and won. The Dervish loss of life, I am assured on high authority, is considerably understated in the newspapers, and in those portions of the Sirdar's early despatch which have been made public. At least 17,000 of the Khalifa's men were slain on the 2d September. Is there another nation in Europe, or, for that matter, elsewhere, which would have received the news of the defeat of Abudalhi and the recovery of Khartoum without visible elation? On Monday, the 5th September, the detailed news became known. At the military manœuvres at Salisbury a salute was fired in honor of the victory, but in London not a flag was hoisted nor a gun discharged. No crowds of excited citizens interrupted the traffic in the streets. Even the Gordon statue in Trafalgar Square was unvisited. If a French or Russian general, after thirteen years and 219 days of anxious preparation, had recovered the Nile Valley to civilization, Paris or Petersburg would have broken out in a rash of bunting. As a matter of fact, public rejoicing over a gallant and defeated enemy, ill armed, and ill led, is looked on askance by leaders of public opinion. It is "bad form," and more serious events than Omdurman loom ahead.

The apparent public apathy does not betoken indifference. There is a deep and thankful pride in the hearts of citizens that England has been able, at last, to wipe out the infamy of Gordon's sacrifice. There are moments in the life of most nations which the people would gladly forget. England would gladly forget the sacrifice of Gordon. He has never been forgotten for a day, and his bones, lying unburied in the ruins of Khartoum, have beckoned Britain to come over and fulfil his dream of freeing the people of the Sudan from the tyranny and lust of slave-masters. After all, Gordon's death is the direct cause of the destruction of Mahdism. It is a curious people, this Anglo-Saxon race. On the 2d September some 17,000 of the enemy were killed and 18,000 wounded. On the 3d September thousands of the men who fought against Kitchener the previous day were quietly enlisted under British officers as recruits in the Egyptian army. On the 4th September a funeral service was held in Khartoum on the spot where Gordon was killed, and proposals for a memorial, which is to take the form of a college for the education of the sons of sheiks, were started by the Sirdar. There is not an Englishman, and probably not an American, who does not draw a freer breath after the victory of Omdurman. There is no nation in the world where the Anglo-Saxon race does not stand a little higher in consequence, not merely because of the success of British arms, but because, single-handed, our race has penetrated the heart of Africa, and struck home against Mahdism. The man in the street, after recent experiences in foreign affairs, appreciates a situation where England cannot be sneered at.

By the overthrow of Mahdism the work of England on the Nile is not ended, but extended. Fashoda is in every one's mouth, and all the elements for a pretty quarrel between the French and the English exist. In the West Coast difficulty the origin of the titles of the respective claimants was more or less in doubt. Compromise was wisdom. Fashoda is Egyptian territory. The Egyptian flag was hoisted at Fashoda in Gordon's time. On page 320 of Gordon's diary it is stated that in 1881 fears for the safety of Fashoda were entertained at Khartoum, and two hundred soldiers were immediately sent there by steamer. On the 13th June, 1882, four hundred men were sent by steamer to re-enforce the garrison of Fashoda, and on the 29th of the same month a battalion which had arrived at Khartoum from Senheit was also sent on there. The fact that Fashoda is Egyptian is not open to question. Fashoda was one of the places where Gordon compelled the slave-hunters to return to their homes. The occupation of Fashoda by the French (if the white men reported to be there *are* French) is equivalent to the occupation of a post in Madagascar by the English. General Kitchener, having sent all the newspaper correspondents back to England, has himself gone to Fashoda, and will appear on the scene as an Egyptian officer. It is significant that he has taken with him only Egyptian troops; but the gunboat on which he has embarked is commanded and manned by officers and men of the royal navy. The object of the French—if French they are—is threefold. They wish to join hands with Menelek of Abyssinia, they desire to cut the Cape Town to Cairo railway, which is now within measurable distance of realization, and they wish to prevent the Nile from becoming, like the Ganges or the Sutlej, a British river. In seizing Fashoda, if the fact be so, the French commander, Major Marchand, has shown splendid organizing capacity, dash, and courage. The march across Africa from the West Coast is a great feat, to be fully recognized by Englishmen; but even courage and dash do not justify the French in seizing territory belonging to another power. In 1895 Sir Edward Grey, Lord Rosebery's lieutenant in the House of Commons, declared that any French advance into the Nile Valley would be regarded by England as "an unfriendly act." When the present government acceded to office the same declaration was made by Mr. Curzon. There is no party question, therefore, in England, about Fashoda. The French, if serious, mean war, because, willingly or otherwise, out of Fashoda they must go, and not improbably by the time this reaches New York Major Marchand will either be a guest or a prisoner of the Sirdar. In any case, if there is a fight about Fashoda it will not be on the Nile, but in the Channel.

One awkward feature of the present situation with France is the existence of a considerable group of hot-headed Frenchmen bent on forcing the government to go and "do something." In the present state of unrest in France a mad act of adventure on the part of the French cabinet would distract public opinion from the Dreyfus affair and unite factions which are already within measurable distance of civil war. There is reason to believe that the British government has anticipated the trouble about Fashoda. More than three months ago the Sirdar named the first week in September as the time of his entry into Omdurman. He was better than his word by three days.

Ten days after the taking of Omdurman communications with Fashoda can be opened. In the course of a fortnight of the present date the controversy with France on the subject will be at its height. In these facts I think we have the real explanation of the abolition of the naval manœuvres for 1898. The Channel Squadron is stationed at Portland. The Reserve Squadron is mobilized and on a war footing. Part of it is in the Bristol Channel—our one vulnerable point. If the French, therefore, show their teeth over Fashoda, the dispute as to sovereignty on the Nile from the Great Lakes to the Delta will be settled in the Narrow Seas under circumstances highly favorable to Britain. It is inconceivable that France will fight about Fashoda. If she does, experts agree that the result will be a foregone conclusion. France will lose her colonies, her fleet, and much of her over-sea trade. England, no doubt, will lose individual actions, and commerce may be a good deal cut up during the first few days of the war. The power that evacuated Boussa, however, is unlikely to stand to its guns at Fashoda.

At the other end of Africa events are moving fast. Mr. Rhodes's electoral campaign in the Cape has not been distinguished by his usual clear-headed recognition of facts. If Sir Gordon Sprigg and Mr. Rhodes were to be believed, the accession of a ministry to power under the influence of the Afrikander Bond is equivalent to the loss of British supremacy in South Africa. With marked unwisdom, Sir Gordon Sprigg not only struck the racial note in his first campaign speech, at East London, but brought in the Queen's name as a rallying-point. The result has been a loss to the present Cape ministry of one constituency after another. The vital principle of British imperialism, and that which alone enables the widely separated British Empire to survive, is the principle of even and equal justice in dealing with the various races living under the flag of England. To begin with, the present ministry at the Cape is a mere stop-gap affair, and has not been remarkable for wisdom or patriotism. Its members have talked a good deal about loyalty, questioning that of other people, and striking the racial note, but they have done little to commend loyalty to waverers. When Sir Gordon Sprigg visited England last year, Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, came down to the House of Commons and solemnly announced a great historical event—the British Empire had received the gift of a battle-ship from the Cape government. Profound impression was made on the public mind. That battle-ship, however, has not yet been laid down. Its cost is not yet voted. Sir Gordon Sprigg, it seems, had no authority to make any such promise, and whenever his ministry leaves office it will do so under the stigma of having made a promise to the empire which it is unable or unwilling to fulfil. On the other hand, should the much-despised Afrikander Bond ministry accede to power, I understand that it is extremely likely that this administration, charged with disloyalty and with all sorts of dark designs imputed to it, will make the contribution to the royal navy which its predecessors promised but did not carry out.

The average view of Englishmen, misled by newspapers conducted not in the interests of the empire, but on behalf of cosmopolitan capital, is that the Afrikander Bond is disloyal to the Queen. The ablest member of Sir Gordon Sprigg's ministry, Sir James Sivewright, himself joined the Bond, learned Dutch, and pattered the *taal*, with the view of bringing together the Dutch and the English colonists. If the Afrikander Bond be incompatible with imperial principles, it is evident that Sir James Sivewright, the spokesman and the brains of the present Cape ministry, could not have joined it. But, in forming an estimate of any political body, it is unwise to accept the description of political opponents as the only evidence by which they are to be judged. They should be allowed to speak for themselves. As I have some personal acquaintance with the members of both the existing ministry and that which may succeed it, I may perhaps be allowed to say that I do not think the imperial tie is likely to be much slackened if Sir Gordon Sprigg were to go out of office. Certainly the members of the new Cape ministry would be geese if they did anything to irritate Great Britain, since naval defence is a necessity to the Cape, and England is the only power that can give it and accord absolute freedom at the same time. On March 5 of the present year the local branch of the Afrikander Bond at Graaff-Reinet addressed Sir Alfred Milner in the following language:

"It is with deep sorrow that we have heard repeatedly during the last few years our loyalty to her Majesty the Queen openly doubted by certain parties, and that we have been held up to our fellow-subjects as disloyal. Therefore we may not remain silent. On behalf of the Afrikander inhabitants of this country, we wish, with the greatest indignation and contempt, to repudiate the insulting and mendacious accusations brought against us by mischief-makers. We wish at the same time to request your Excellency respectfully, but very urgently, to clear us with her Majesty of the unfounded slander with which we have been slurred. It cannot be justified—is based altogether on ignorance and misunderstanding. The grand object at which we aim is to raise that portion of the citizens of the colony to which we belong in the social, political, and moral sphere, and to make better and more worthy subjects of them of her Majesty, and to secure to our kinsmen in South Africa those rights which were kindly promised by her Majesty, our respected Queen, in the past."

In the course of his reply Sir Alfred Milner said: "Of course I am glad to be assured that any section of her Majesty's subjects are loyal, but I should be much more glad to be allowed to take that for granted. Why should I not? What reason could there be for disloyalty?" As a general rule, men are governed by their interests, and the interests of the Afrikander Bond at the Cape do not lie in the direction of any attempt to lower the British flag. Freedom, self-government, and equality are the first principles of British policy. They have secured for Britain the enthusiastic loyalty of the French Canadians, who, but a few decades back, were in open rebellion against British rule. Why should they not reach the same
goal in South Africa when the anti-imperialist raid i
gotten or forgiven?

The man who may become the new Premier
Schreiner, is the brother of Olive Schreiner, and a
level-headed, and able man He it was who, as Atto
General in Mr. Rhodes's ministry three years ago, ad
the Cape government to contribute half the cost of
with the Transvaal if President Kruger insisted on cl
the Drifts. This does not look like a renunciati
British supremacy, and there is nothing whatever to
that Mr. Schreiner has changed his mind on the su
of the British connection. While saying this on b
of the possible successors of Sir Gordon Sprigg, it
of course be admitted that a wise progressive poli
the one best calculated to develop the material reso
of South Africa, and to weld into federation the
and territories south of the Zambesi. The price fo
Rhodes's share of the Jameson raid is now being
"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."
people here have forgiven Mr. Rhodes because they r
nize in him the stuff of which leaders are made, an
cause they recognize that, whatever his faults, he ha
worked selfishly for his own hand. Not so the Cape D
By most of them he is suspected. Mr. Rhodes has do
that man can do to redeem his error. He has riske
life. He has spent his money like water to establish
and order in the Northern Territory. But with al
wealth and social backing he is not exempt from the
sequences of wrong-doing, and the half-defeat of the
ish and progressive party at the Cape elections is a
rectly a consequence of the Jameson raid as the Jam
raid was the fruit of the British retreat after Ma
Whatever ministry rules in the Cape, its member
aware that the freedom, self-government, justice,
equality which they enjoy are secured only by
strength of the power that gave them, and whose
protects South African shores from attack without
contribution of a shilling. Sir Henry de Villiers
present Chief Justice, is a possible Premier of a min
of compromise between the two parties. Sir Hen
Villiers is a man whose intellectual standing places
high among the jurists of world-wide repute. Whe
was last in England I had a long conversation with
on the subject of the troubles that followed the Jam
raid, and was greatly struck with the moderation an
calm wisdom of his views. To denounce such a ma
Bond-ridden is absurd. Whether, therefore, Mr. Rh
come back to power or whether that inevitable and de
ble event is postponed for a short time further, I do
think that there is the least reason to anticipate tro
from his ministerial successors.

Another great African question is advancing to the f
The isolation of the Transvaal by the establishment
British protectorate or lease of Delagoa Bay, if not a
complished fact, is, I understand, on the eve of comple
Germany has withdrawn her pretensions in South Af
and in consequence a better feeling reigns betwee
two countries than has existed for a long time.
informed public opinion in Germany is strongly in f
of coming to a friendly arrangement with this cou
Our friends seem to have discovered that notwithstan
all the German sympathy and kinship with the Boers
reciprocal services which they expected to receive hav
been forth-coming, and that, after all, German trade i
English Cape Colony, as in all other English coloni
conducted under more favorable conditions than in
Transvaal. President Kruger was ready enough to in
German aid against attack, but shows less consider
for German trade in the Transvaal than does the Eng
Cape Colony. Germany's interest in South Afric
mainly commercial, and if she can improve her
mercial position by an agreement with Great Britain
will probably do so. The acquisition of Delagoa B
essential to British supremacy—that is a synonym
the "open door" in South Africa—and the arrange
with Portugal, when it takes place, is understood t
clude certain coaling arrangements at Lisbon in tim
war. This is a matter of enormous importance to
British navy. The absence of a coaling-station betw
Gibraltar and England would have curtailed the effe
strength of the British fleet. If coaling facilities
British cruisers and torpedo-boat-destroyers are incl
in the next Anglo-Portuguese Convention, the result
naval war with France will be more certain than eve

These successive additions to British strength make
peace. No peace can be so enduring and certain as w
would-be breakers of the peace know that they are i
ing defeat.

The Tsar's disarmament proposals still continu
rouse interest among thoughtful men. No one doubts
perfect sincerity of the young Tsar. For a long time
thoughts have been set upon peace and the peaceful
velopment of Siberia and the Far East. When at
moral, last year, I am informed that whenever Lord S
bury began to talk of Armenia and the doings of
unspeakable Turk, the Russian Emperor would ch
the subject to one of two questions—international pe
or the development of the Asiatic possessions of Ru
The immediate authorship of the Tsar's rescript has
yet been given to the world, but as the personality o
Jewish gentleman whose interview with the Tsar is
to have convinced his Majesty that a disarmament
ference was practicable and advisable has been hinte
there can be no valid objection to my stating his n
It is M. Bloch, a retired banker of great wealth and
nevolence, with a remarkable taste for statistics a
wide knowledge of sociology and economics. It is i
esting to learn that the immediate cause of M. Bloch
taining an interview with the Emperor was the ter
condition of the Jews of Poland and the sixteen p
inces of the Pale. I have long held the opinion that
mass of misery represented by the persecuted six mi
of Jews in Russia and packed together in the Ghetto p
inces constitutes one of the gravest political problem
the day, albeit it is scarcely ever referred to by public
The Russian disarmament proposals may do good, i
much as they set men thinking on the question of pe
and they may do harm, inasmuch as they will set
thinking on the irreconcilable ambitions, jealousies, f
and emotions that divide nation from nation.

ARNOLD WHIT

THE EXPOSITION AT OMAHA.

THE great Middle West is throwing up its hat just now because it has succeeded, at last, in solving the questions of agricultural engineering necessary to make a garden of the great plains.

This is the same hat, by-the-way, through which, in hard and discouraging times, various wild theories have been ventilated; and which, tipped on one side, once adorned the brow of the land-boomer, a character almost extinct in these days.

Now the land has taken to booming itself, and its prosperity has crystallized into the visible form of a magnificent exposition, here on the western bank of the Missouri.

The Trans-Mississippi Exposition means so much and proves so much that it ranks very closely with the Columbian Exposition as a revelation to the visitor.

The only breathing-spells—and those not of a kind desired—that the people who came out here forty years ago, to conquer this practically unknown land, have ever had were during those years when crops failed and there was no business to be done.

In those years the fittest held on, studied out the problems presented by new climatic conditions, and, by solving them, survived. One has only to meet and talk with the trans-Mississippi farmer to see that he has fought the desperate fight over the ever-rising plains, from the great dividing river to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, with the same tenacity of purpose and intelligence of effort that carried the American army up the heights of San Juan. But Mr. Franklin Matthews in his "Bright Skies in the West" has given the readers of the WEEKLY a better account of the rise, in the Western States, of prosperity founded on sound principles of farm engineering than would be possible here.

Before the exposition at Omaha closes, some one ought to start a subscription for a monument to be erected in honor of the man who introduced in this country that wonderful cousin to red clover, the alfalfa plant. When the alfalfa is set in the loose dry soil of the Western plains, it immediately begins to bore, with its roots, little artesian wells, in search of water. I have been told by many farmers that, in making excavations on their farms, roots of alfalfa have been found at a depth of fifteen feet.

A week or two ago, Iowa day was celebrated at the exposition, and no one who saw that assemblage of forty thousand men and women from the rich rolling farmlands of Iowa could contain his admiration for them as grand specimens of humanity.

The Iowan is pretty generally of old New England stock. Many an old farmer in the Berkshire Hills will tell you of his sons' prosperity out in Iowa. The strong Yankee features are greatly in evidence, but in the present generation the Iowan combines the great height of his ancestor with an ampler physique. No such colossal fellows can be found in this country, outside of the Tennessee mountains, and there is a look of rosy good health about the Iowan that is lacking often in the Tennessee mountaineer.

In a pamphlet on Iowa farms is printed a letter from a young farmer that tells a story so simple and characteristic that it is well worth quoting. He writes: "My parents came to this State in the sixties, when I was but a small child just able to remember the trip overland. My father being a poor man and having a large family, we were early taught hard work. On the morning of my twenty-first birthday my father informed me that from that time on I was my own man, and gave me the big gray team in the barn (without halter, bridle, or harness), saying, if I could not add to that in so good a country as this, he had no more to waste on me. I went out into the world, and worked by the month until I got money enough to buy a set of harness and a yearling heifer, and from that time to this I have never been without cattle.

"In about a year and a half my only brother became of age, and he received a team of bay horses on the same terms upon which I got mine. We then started out in partnership, leasing a piece of land which we got for the breaking of it. This ground produced sixty bushels of corn to the acre for our first crop, making over seven carloads of corn, for which we received thirty-five cents per bushel." He then gives an account of the purchase of four hundred acres of land, paying off a heavy mortgage at eight per cent. interest, and of the final prosperity of himself and his brother. One can read the whole history of pioneer life in that farmer's story.

It is well worth while for the visitor to drop into the Kansas Building and sit down with some old settler—or, better, with two of them, so that he may edify himself with their differences. The Kansan is born to controversy. He delights in stirring up his neighbor. If one Kansan arises and criticises matters in his own State, up rise his neighbors in wrath, and smite him, hip and thigh. In the Kansas Building a pamphlet is handed out to visitors. It bears, for its title, the now historic query, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" A careful perusal of it will convince any fair-minded man that there is nothing the matter with Kansas, and never will be so long as business "literature" is written with so much delightful freedom. Here is what a Butler County man has to say about life in his neighborhood: "'Grasshoppers,' did you say? Well, my friend, I have lived in Kansas forty-one years, and have not seen a red-legged locust or grasshopper—the migratory kind—in twenty-four years, and hardly enough of the ordinary kind for the turkeys in the fall. 'Tornados?' Never saw a tornado, cyclone, or twister in all these forty-one years. If there were any, they missed me. 'What do we live on?' If you imagine for a moment that a Kansas man don't know when pig's jowl and spinach are ripe, you greatly mistake. We stick to beef and mutton, ham and eggs, in the spring, until spring chicken, new pease and potatoes, strawberries, and the like, begin to come in. When the cows get out into the knee-deep wheat and alfalfa fields, we get butter and cream as yellow as the dome of the National Library Building at Washington. Then we have black bass and croppie in our rock-bottom streams; wild-duck, plover, prairie-chickens, 'possums, and quail; forty-pound turkeys, native wines, and every other imaginable thing that is good. Kansas people are the best-fed people in the world."

Then the financier speaks:

"It is disagreeable to appear as an alarmist, but the truth must be told: Kansas is in trouble again. This time the difficulty, from which there appears to be no immediate prospect of relief, is too much money. The banks are growing purple in the face from congestion. The accounts that come from the financial centres of Kansas are most distressing. The banker, pale but firm, sits behind his counter, while the flood of currency rises to his chin and threatens to drown him. . . . Of course it would be useless to attempt to disguise the gravity of the situation. Everything about Kansas is bound to come out. The worst is now known. The money is in the State, the deposits steadily increasing in the banks, the rate of interest is falling, and from one end of Kansas to the other the tale of woe is passed from one bank to another, 'Too much money.'"

Finally the poet takes a hand in the fray in this cheerful pamphlet:

> Papers got a lot to say, sneerin' like, o' Kansas;
> Every word a word of scorn, chuckin' fun at Kansas—
> 'Hoppers darkenin' the sun,
> Dozens of 'em weigh a ton—
> Seem to think it's lots of fun, crackin' jokes at Kansas.
>
> Now it's come their time to laugh—them folks out in Kansas—
> Givin' Easterners the gaff 'bout affairs in Kansas:
> Barns a-bulgin' out with wheat,
> Corn for all the world to eat,
> Other crops that can't be beat, over there in Kansas.
>
> Women singin' songs o' glee 'bout ol' fruitful Kansas;
> Babies crowin' merrily everywhere in Kansas;
> Purty gals a-buyin' clothes—
> Toggin' out from head to toes.
> Style! you bet your life she goes, over there in Kansas.
>
> When the cares o' day is done on the plains o' Kansas,
> An' the kids begin to yawn, sleepy like, in Kansas,
> Farmer wipes his glasses, blurred,
> Reads a chapter in the Word,
> Then knee's down and thanks the Lord that he lives in Kansas.

The whole pamphlet is an answer to its title, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" a query propounded a few years ago by a very clever Kansas editor. You cannot help liking these controversial Kansans; they are aggressive and manly, and are going ahead like men to a Tipperary fair—with their coat tails just dragging on the ground.

In the State of Nebraska, besides a great many Americans from the older States, there is a large number of German settlers. In the northern counties, many Bohemians have come in of late years. In spite of the difficulties of farming under new conditions as to climate and soil, these people are steadily increasing in prosperity. An occasional season of dry, burning winds puts them back, but irrigation and crops adapted to a dry climate are improving the Nebraska farm-lands every year.

It is a curious fact that the mountain regions and the western portion of the great plains are settled almost entirely by town people—university men from England, city boys tired of too much civilization, and roving spirits seeking fortune and adventure. Younger sons of titled English families used to be so common in Colorado that, in choosing a cook or driver for a camping outfit, you were facetiously asked if you would have a lord or a duke.

The British element is strong enough, even in Omaha, to support a cricket club, which played in the cricket tournament at Denver last week.

One of the most interesting features of the exposition, to an Eastern man, is the congress of Indians, which was brought together at the fair through the aid and co-operation of the government.

All the principal tribes are represented, from the Apaches of the Southwest to the Assiniboins and Sioux of the North. An Indian on foot is generally a rather dignified person, but a six-foot warrior sitting back almost on the haunches of a disconsolate little pony is about the most ludicrous sight imaginable.

Many of the Indians from a distance brought their savage belongings in new tin trunks, and an ancient earthen water-jar rolled up against a new four-dollar trunk seemed to strike the sense of humor of most of the visitors. But the greatest contrast furnished by the Indian encampment is with the exposition buildings. Here is a tract of land which, up to a year and a half ago, was never disturbed by anything, except a corn-plough, since prehistoric times.

Over it, no doubt, many of the older Indians now on the exposition-grounds spent their boyhood days, shooting at birds and gophers with their bows and arrows.

To-day, towering around them are gilded domes, wonderful reproductions and adaptations of the architectural art of the Greeks and Romans, and exhibits of industrial arts such as the world never saw until the four great American expositions of the present decade.

To that particular class of persons who insist that the Americans are not an artistic people such an achievement as this—the building of a mimic city of the utmost grandeur and beauty, on this old hunting-ground of forty years ago and corn-field of two years back—ought to be a sufficient answer. Speaking of American art, it has shown itself in the past few years in an unexpected direction. Foreigners usually tell us that it is impossible for art to flourish here in these days, because this is the age and the country of invention and mechanics.

But just as Kipling found that romance and poetry had stowed themselves aboard the ocean steamer, so any intelligent observer can find art in its highest form in the work of our best mechanical engineers. You have only to contrast the tawdriness of the little locomotives of a few years back, ornamented with brass-work to hide their inherent ugliness, with the severely simple yet elegant lines of the great passenger engines of to-day, to see how the mechanical engineer has added to economy of power that highest element of Greek art, perfect proportion.

A well-known inventor and manufacturer, in answer to questions about some beautiful and shapely machines which he had turned out, has told me that it is his practice, and that of the best American inventors, to seek forms for their machines that are the most elegant in their proportions, knowing that in doing so they are choosing at the same time the strongest and most economical shapes. He studied the proportions and forms of animals and plants as his models of structure, and his ideal was to get a machine to look as though "it had naturally grown that way." One of the interesting things about the exposition is the variety of strange uniforms to be seen over the grounds. An old gentleman, who is probably the president of a country bank, and when at home dresses in most conventional attire, appears at the fair in the garb of a "Shriner," with a red fez on his venerable head and decorated with all sorts of medals and gewgaws. Then the "Woodmen of the World" and the "Modern American Woodmen," with oak leaves embroidered on their velvet sleeves, with plumed hats and white trousers, and red axes over their shoulders, are to be met at every turn. An occasional soldier is seen, just back from Cuba. Here, too, is the Mexican band, swarthy fellows with tall black caps and baggy trousers and not particularly beaming faces, looking like a lot of unhappy Spanish prisoners on parole.

Of course there is a Midway at the exposition, and the same gentlemen who expanded their lungs at the doors of the various booths and shows at Chicago, Atlanta, and Nashville are to be seen and heard at Omaha. But progress has stepped in here also, and the megaphone is saving the vocal chords of many a man who will be talking French in 1900.

It was amusing to see the delight of an elderly lady with an ear-trumpet when she got in range of one of those great funnels. No doubt she will have recommended the use of a megaphone to her minister before this gets into print. The entrance to one of the "shows" on the Midway is in the form of a dragon's head with open jaws. At night his eyes glow with red lights. The showman who got up this grim doorway knew his business, for it seems to attract all the nervous women on the grounds. The delight of all the stout old ladies and of the boys and girls is the miniature railway. Its little engines pull a tremendous load in proportion to their size, and to see an elderly lady, unmindful of cinders and smoke, beaming complacently on the world from the forward coach is really worth while.

All the Oriental people that were so familiar to visitors at the Chicago Fair are in Omaha, from the whirling dervishes to the ladies who could dance just the same if they were all fitted out with wooden legs. No Midway would be complete without its show of trained wild animals, where you extract what pleasure you can from watching a lot of scared animals in a large cage being lashed with a long whip by a man in red clothes.

In Nashville one of the most comforting details about the grounds was the "Gourd Arbor," which enabled the visitor to get from the Administration Building to one of the others without being scorched by the sun. This idea has been carried to a greater perfection here by a series of colonnades joining all the principal buildings. Architecturally these colonnades are very beautiful, and no doubt they have saved many people from serious illness and discomfort. The crowning feature of the Omaha Exposition as a spectacle is the illumination of the Grand Court at night.

Nothing has ever equalled it, and I am informed that the French government has sent men over to study it for the exposition in 1900. The outlining of the architecture is almost perfect, the general lines of the buildings appearing at night just as they do in the day; and in that respect it is a great improvement over the illumination of the buildings at Chicago in '93. The government has a building at the head of the great court that is all that an exposition building should be. It is dignified and of most beautiful proportions, and is enriched with sculpture that is well modelled and in strong decorative masses. The dome is gilded, and in the early morning is a sight to be remembered all one's days. The designs for this building were made in the government offices, and I am informed that Mr. Crane is the architect who is responsible for their great merit.

When it is considered that all this is the first glimpse that many of the visitors from the ranches and farms have ever had of the glories of architectural art, it can be readily understood that at first it overwhelms them. They see only that the buildings are a blinding, dazzling mass of white. I have seen men and women stand stupefied at the entrance of the Grand Court, blinded as they would have been by a flash of lightning. Yet in a day it all begins to take form to them, as you will find by listening to their conversation; and at night, when a great part of the detail is lost or subdued, and the grand masses of façade and dome are outlined by the soft glow of incandescent lights, they hang about the place enchanted. It was with no irreverence that a visitor to the exposition in Chicago said, while standing in the Court of Honor there, that if heaven didn't look a good deal like that he should be disappointed; and these hard-working people will carry home with them from Omaha memories that will make all the rest of their lives brighter and more hopeful.

The Omaha Exposition has been particularly fortunate in escaping all freakishness in its architecture, and the credit for this is due to the sound training and courage of the architects who got together and designed it. Such designers as Young of St. Louis, Cass Gilbert of St. Paul, Humphreys of Denver, Beeman and Dwight Perkins of Chicago, and Lawrie of Omaha, all worked harmoniously to fit with their buildings the general design laid down by Mr. Walker. There was but little disposition to make anything wild or too "new." To give an idea of the kind of men who worked in conjunction with Mr. Walker and his partner Mr. Kimball, it is only necessary to say that Mr. Lawrie, a resident architect of Omaha, had spent many years in the offices of Rowand Anderson in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and was three years with John Root in Chicago. It will be easily understood that with such men in council, and capital to back them, a group of beautiful exposition buildings was assured.

A perfect example of good taste in arrangement of exhibits is that seen in the Government Building. The beautiful models shown there of all our battle-ships is most interesting and valuable to these inland people, whose experience with vessels has been mostly confined to a ride on an old flat-bottomed paddle-wheel river steamer, dodging snags and running "riffles" in the "Big Muddy."

The people of the trans-Mississippi States have cause to be proud of this exposition of their success in developing the agricultural and mineral resources of the Western plains and mountains. They have much to show the President of the United States when he comes to visit the fair, much to make him feel a deeper pride in his exalted station.

W. A. ROGERS.

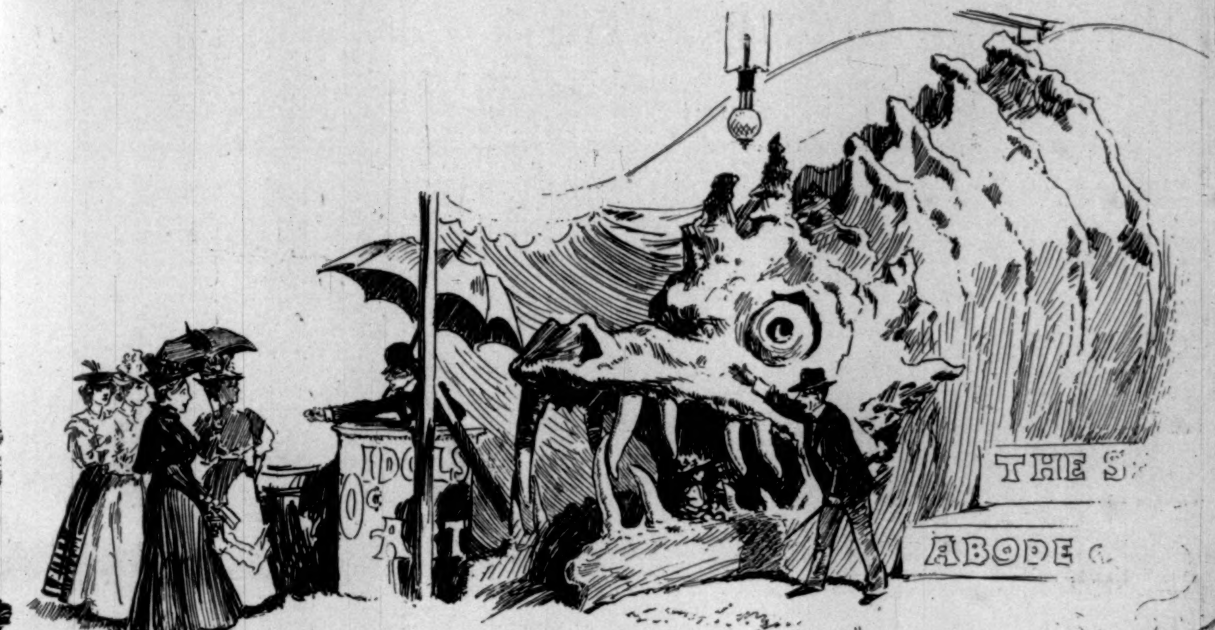
A Visitor to the Midway Recovers her Hearing

Noon on the Midway.

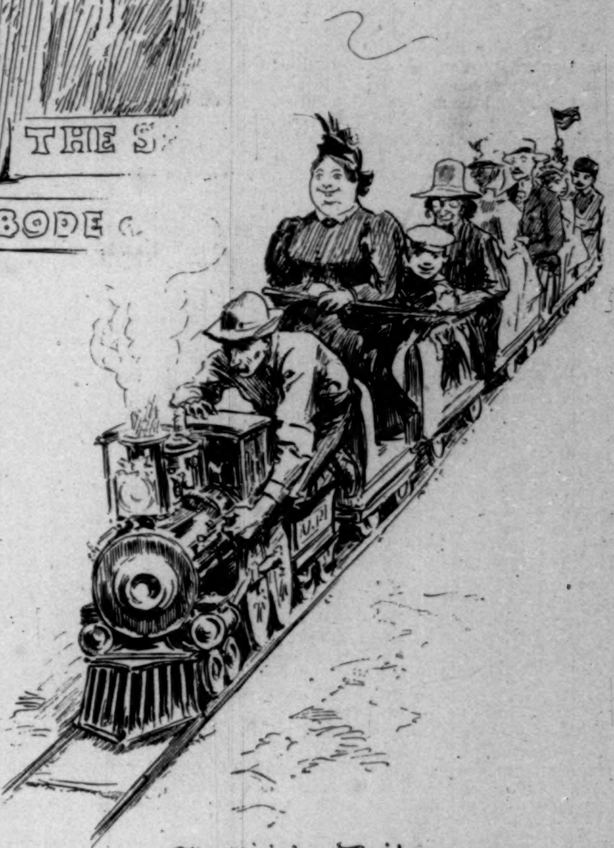
A Colonnade between Buildings.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI E

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS BY OUR SPECI L

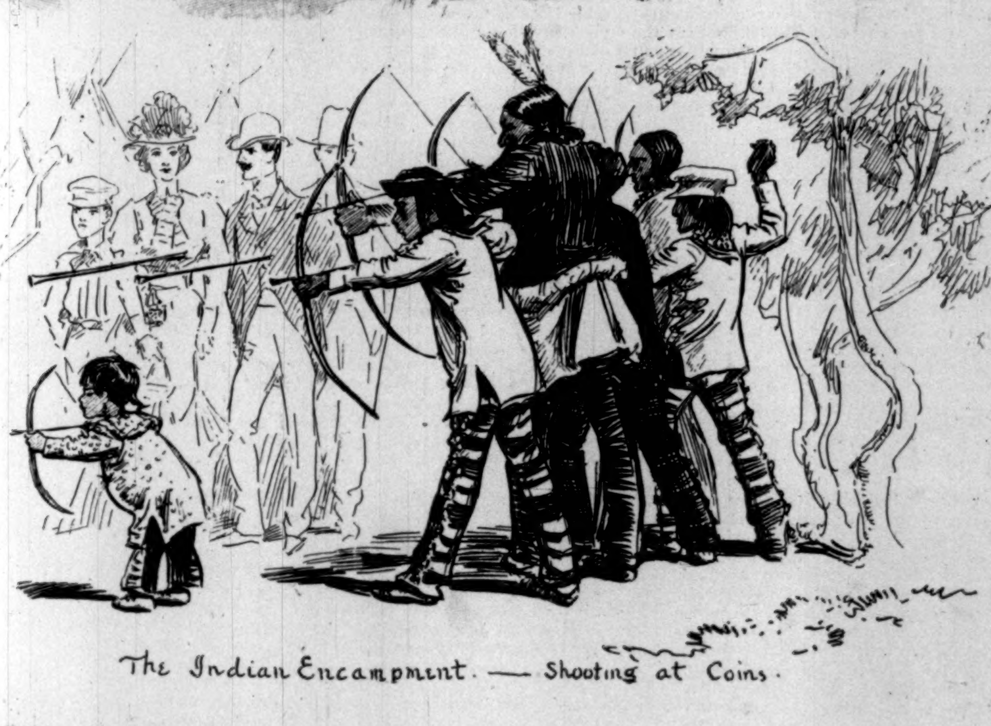


"Walk Right in Ladies!"



The Miniature Railway.

"Shriner's" Day.



The Indian Encampment. — Shooting at Coins.

EXPOSITION AT OMAHA.

L ARTIST, W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 987.]

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

A Novel.

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

III.

VANDERBANK, at this, left his corner of the sofa and, with his hands in his pockets, and a manner so amused that it might have passed for excited, took several paces about the room while his interlocutor, watching him, waited for his response. The old man, as this response for a minute hung fire, took his turn at sitting down, and then Vanderbank stopped before him with a face in which something had been still more brightly kindled. "You ask me more things than I can tell you. You ask me more than I think you suspect. You must come and see me again—you must let me come and see you. You raise the most interesting questions, and we must sooner or later have them all out."

Mr. Longdon looked happy in such a prospect, but he once more took out his watch. "It wants five minutes to midnight. Which means that I must go now."

"Not in the least. There are satisfactions you too must give." Vanderbank, with an irresistible hand, confirmed him in his position, and pressed upon him another cigarette. His resistance rang hollow—it was clearly, he judged, such an occasion for sacrifices. His companion's view of it, meanwhile, was quite as marked. "You see, there's ever so much more you must, in common kindness, tell me."

Mr. Longdon sat there like a shy singer invited to strike up. "I told you everything at Mrs. Brookenham's. It comes over me now how I dropped on you."

"What you told me," Vanderbank returned, "was excellent so far as it went; but it was only, after all, that, having caught my name, you had asked of our friend if I belonged to people you had known years before, and then, from what she had said, had, with what you were so good as to call great pleasure, made out that I did. You came round to me, on this, after dinner, and gave me a pleasure still greater. But that only takes us part of the way." Mr. Longdon said nothing, but there was something appreciative in his conscious lapses; they were a tribute to his young friend's frequent felicity. This personage indeed appeared more and more to take them for that; which was not without its effect upon his spirits. At last, with a flight of some freedom, he brought their pause to a close. "You loved Lady Julia." Then, as the attitude of his guest, who serenely met his eyes, was practically a contribution to the subject, he went on with a feeling that he had positively pleased. "You lost her, and you're unmarried."

Mr. Longdon's smile was beautiful—it supplied so many meanings that, when presently he spoke, he seemed already to have told half his story. "Well, my life took a form. It had to, or I don't know what would have become of me, and several things that all happened at once helped me out. My father died—I came into the little place in Suffolk. My sister, my only one, who had married and was older than I, lost within a year or two both her husband and her little boy. I offered her, in the country, a home, for her trouble was greater than any trouble of mine. She came, she staid; it went on and on, and we lived there together. We were sorry for each other, and it somehow suited us. But she died two years ago."

Vanderbank took all this in, only wishing to show—wishing by this time quite tenderly—that he even read into it deeply enough all the unsaid. He filled out another of his friend's gaps. "And here you are." Then he invited Mr. Longdon himself to make the stride. "Well, you'll be a great success."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, that we shall be so infatuated with you that it will make your life a burden to you. You'll see soon enough what I mean by it."

"Possibly," the old man said; "to understand you I shall have to. You speak of something that, as yet—with my race practically run—I know nothing about. I was no success as a young man. I mean of the sort that would have made most difference. People wouldn't look at me."

"Well, *we* shall look at you," Vanderbank declared. Then he added, "What people do you mean?" And before his friend could reply: "Lady Julia?"

Mr. Longdon's assent was mute. "Ah, she was not the worst! I mean that what made it so bad," he continued, "was that they all really liked me. Your mother, I think—as to *that*, the dreadful, conscious 'liking'—even more than the others."

"My mother?"—Vanderbank was surprised. "You mean there was a question—?"

"Oh, but for half a minute. It didn't take her long. It was five years after your father's death." This explanation was very delicately made. "She *could* marry again."

"And I suppose you know she did," Vanderbank replied.

"I knew it soon enough!" With this, abruptly, Mr. Longdon pulled himself forward. "Good-night, good-night."

"Good-night," said Vanderbank. "But wasn't that *after* Lady Julia?"

On the edge of the sofa, his hands supporting him, Mr. Longdon looked straight. "There was nothing after Lady Julia."

"I see," his companion smiled. "My mother was earlier."

"She was extremely good to me. I'm not speaking of that time at Malvern—that came later."

"Precisely—I understand. You're speaking of the first years of her widowhood."

Mr. Longdon just faltered: "I should call them rather the last. Six months later came her second marriage."

Vanderbank's interest visibly improved. "Ah, it was *then?* That was my seventh year." He called things back and pieced them together. "But she must have been older than you."

"Yes—a little. She was kindness itself to me, at all events, then and afterwards. That was the charm of the weeks at Malvern."

"I see," the young man laughed. "The charm was that you had recovered."

"Oh dear, no!" Mr. Longdon, rather to his mystification, exclaimed. "I'm afraid I hadn't recovered at all—hadn't, if that's what you mean, got over my misery and my melancholy. She knew I hadn't—and that was what was nice of her. She was a person with whom I could talk about her."

Vanderbank took a moment to clear up the ambiguity. "Oh, you mean you could talk about the *other!* You hadn't got over Lady Julia."

Mr. Longdon sadly smiled at him. "I haven't got over her yet!" Then, however, as if not to look too woful, he took pains to be lucid. "The first wound was bad—but from that one always comes round. Your mother, dear woman, had known how to help me. Lady Julia was at that time her intimate friend—it was she who introduced me there. She couldn't help what happened—she did her best. What I meant just now was that, in the after-time, when opportunity occurred, she was the one person with whom I could always talk and who always understood." Mr. Longdon appeared to lose himself an instant in the deep memories to which, now, he alone survived to testify; then he sighed out, as if the taste of it all came back to him with a faint sweetness: "I think they must both have been good to me. At the period at Malvern—the particular time I just mentioned to you—Lady Julia was already married, and during those first years she was whirled out of my ken. Then her own life took a quieter turn; we met again; I went, for a long time, often to her house. I think she rather liked the state to which she had reduced me, though she didn't, you know, in the least presume upon it. The better a woman is—it has often struck me—the more she enjoys, in a quiet way, some fellow's having been rather bad, rather dark and desperate, about her—*for* her. I dare say, I mean, that, though Lady Julia insisted I ought to marry, she wouldn't really have liked it much if I *had*. At any rate, it was in those years that I saw her daughter just cease to be a child—the little girl who was to be transformed by time into the so different person with whom we dined to-night. That comes back to me when I hear you speak of the growing up, in turn, of that person's own daughter."

"I follow you with a sympathy!" Vanderbank replied. "The situation is reproduced."

"Ah, partly—not altogether. The things that are unlike—well, are so *very* unlike." Mr. Longdon, for a moment, on this, fixed his companion with eyes that betrayed one of the restless little jumps of his mind. "I told you just now that there's something I seem to make out in you."

"Yes, that was meant for better things?"—Vanderbank gayly took him up. "There *is* something, I really believe—meant for ever so much better ones. Those are just the sort I like to be supposed to have a real affinity with. Help me to them, Mr. Longdon; help me to them, and I don't know what I won't do for you!"

"Then, after all"—and the old man made his point with innocent sharpness—"you're *not* past saving!"

"Well, I individually—how shall I put it to you? If I tell you," Vanderbank went on, "that I've that sort of fulcrum for salvation which consists at least in a deep consciousness and the absence of a rag of illusion, I shall appear to say that I'm different from the world I live in, and to that extent present myself as superior and fatuous. Try me, at any rate. Let me try myself. Don't abandon me. See what can be done with me. Perhaps I'm after all a case. I shall at any rate cling to you."

"You're too clever—you're too clever: that's what's the matter with you all!" Mr. Longdon sighed.

"With us *all?*" Vanderbank echoed. "Dear Mr. Longdon, it's the first time I've heard it. If you should say with *me* in particular, why there might be something in it. What you mean, at any rate—I see where you come out—is that we're cold and sarcastic and cynical, without the soft human spot. I think you flatter us even while you attempt to warn; but what's extremely interesting, at all events, is that, as I gather, we made on you this evening, in a particular way, a collective impression—something in which our trifling varieties are merged." His visitor's face, at this, appeared to say to him that he was putting the case in perfection, so that he was encouraged to go on. "There was something particular with which you were not altogether pleasantly struck."

Mr. Longdon, who, decidedly, changed color easily, showed in his clear cheek the effect at once of feeling a finger on his fault and of admiration for his companion's insight. But he accepted the situation. "I couldn't help noticing your tone."

"Do you mean its being so low?"

Mr. Longdon, who had smiled at first, looked grave now. "Do you really want to know?"

"Just how you were affected? I assure you that there's nothing, at this moment, I desire nearly so much."

"I'm no judge," the old man went on; "I'm no critic; I'm no talker myself. I'm old-fashioned and narrow and dull. I've lived for years in a hole. I'm not a man of the world."

Vanderbank considered him with a benevolence, a geniality of approval, that he literally had to hold in check for fear of seeming to patronize. "There's not one of us who can touch you. You're delightful, you're wonderful, and I'm intensely curious to hear you," the young man pursued. "Were we absolutely odious?" Before his friend's puzzled, finally almost pained face, such an air of appreciating so much candor, yet looking askance at so much freedom, he could only endeavor to smooth the way and light the subject. "You see we don't in the least know where we are. We're lost—and you find us." Mr. Longdon, as he spoke, had prepared at last really to go, reaching the door with a manner that denoted, however, by no means so much satiety as an attention that felt itself positively too agitated. Vanderbank had helped him on with the Inverness cape and for an instant detained him by it. "Just tell me as a kindness. *Do* we talk—?"

"Too freely?" Mr. Longdon, with his clear eyes, so untouched by time, speculatively murmured.

"Too outrageously. I want the truth."

The truth, evidently, for Mr. Longdon, was difficult to tell. "Well—it was certainly different."

"From you and Lady Julia, I see. Well, of course, with time, *some* change is natural, isn't it? But so different," Vanderbank pressed, "that you were really shocked?"

His visitor, at this, smiled, but the smile somehow made the face graver. "I think I was rather frightened. Good-night."

IV.

Mrs. Brookenham stopped on the threshold with the sharp surprise of the sight of her son, and there was disappointment, though rather of the afflicted than of the irritated sort, in the question that, slowly advancing, she launched at him. "If you're still lolling about, why did you tell me two hours ago that you were leaving immediately?"

Deep in a large brocaded chair, with his little legs stuck out to the fire, he was so much at his ease that he was almost flat on his back. She had evidently roused him from sleep, and it took him a couple of minutes, during which, without again looking at him, she directly approached a beautiful old French secretary, a fine piece of the period of Louis Quinze, to justify his presence. "I changed my mind—I couldn't get off."

"Do you mean to say you're not going?"

"Well, I'm thinking it over. What's a fellow to do?" He sat up a little, staring with conscious solemnity at the fire, and if it had been—as it was not—one of the annoyances she, in general, expected from him, she might have received the impression that his flush was the heat of liquor.

"He's to keep out of the way," she replied—"when he has led one so deeply to hope it." There had been a bunch of keys suspended in the lock of the secretary, of which, as she said these words, Mrs. Brookenham took possession. Her air on observing them had promptly become that of having been in search of them, and a moment after she had passed across the room they were in her pocket. "If you don't go, what excuse will you give?"

"Do you mean to *you*, mummy?"

She stood before him, and now she dismally looked at him. "What's the matter with you? What an extraordinary time to take a nap!"

He had fallen back in the chair, from the depths of which he met her eyes. "Why, it's just *the* time, mummy. I did it on purpose. I can always go to sleep when I like. I assure you it sees one through things—!"

She turned away with impatience and, glancing about the room, perceived on a small table of the same type as the secretary a somewhat massive book with the label of a circulating library, which she proceeded to pick up as if for refuge from the impression the boy made on her. He watched her do this and watched her then slightly pause at the wide window that, in Buckingham Crescent, commanded the prospect they had ramified rearward to enjoy, a medley of smoky brick and spotty stucco, of other undressed backs, of glass invidiously opaque, of roofs and chimney-pots and stables unnaturally near—one of the private pictures that in London, in select situations, run up, as the phrase is, the rent. There was no indication of value now, however, in the character conferred on the scene by a cold spring rain. The place, moreover, had a confessed out-of-season vacancy. She appeared to have determined on silence for the present mark of her relation with Harold, yet she soon failed to resist a sufficiently poor reason for breaking it. "Be so good as to get out of my chair."

"What will you do for me," he asked, "if I oblige you?"

He never moved—but as if only the more directly and intimately to meet her—and she stood again before the fire and sounded his strange little face. "I don't know what it is, but you give me sometimes a kind of terror."

"A terror, mamma?"

She found another place, sinking sadly down and opening her book, and the next moment he got up and came over to kiss her, on which she drew her cheek wearily aside. "You bore me quite to death," she panted, "and I give you up to your fate."

"What do you call my fate?"

"Oh, something dreadful—if only by its being publicly ridiculous." She turned vaguely the pages of her book. "You're too selfish—too sickening."

"Oh, dear, dear!" he wonderingly whistled while he wandered back to the hearth-rug on which, with his hands behind him, he lingered awhile. He was small and had a slight stoop, which somehow gave him character—a character somewhat of the insidious sort, carried out in the acuteness, difficult to trace to a source, of his smooth fair face, whose lines were all curves and its expression all needles. He had the voice of a man of forty, and was dressed—as if markedly not for London—with an air of experience that seemed to match it. He pulled down his waistcoat, smoothing himself, feeling his neat hair and looking at his shoes; then he said to his mother: "I took your five pounds. Also two of the sovereigns," he went on. "I left you two pound ten." She jerked up her head at this, facing him in dismay, and, immediately on her feet, passed back to the secretary. "It's quite as I say," he insisted; "you should have locked it *before*, don't you know? It grinned at me there with all its charming brasses, and what was I to do? Darling mummy, I

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

couldn't start—that was the truth. I thought I should find something—I had noticed; and I do hope you'll let me keep it, because if you don't it's all up with me. I stopped over on purpose—on purpose, I mean, to tell you what I've done. Don't you call that a sense of honor? And now you only stand and glower at me."

Mrs. Brookenham was, in her thirty-ninth year, still charmingly pretty, and the nearest approach she made, at this moment, to meeting her son's description of her was by looking beautifully desperate. She had about her the pure light of youth—would always have it; her head, her figure, her flexibility, her flickering color, her lovely, silly eyes, her natural, quavering tone all played together toward this effect by some trick that had never yet been exposed. It was at the same time remarkable that—at least in the bosom of her family—she rarely wore an appearance of gayety less qualified than at the present juncture; she suggested, for the most part, the luxury, the novelty, of woe, the excitement of strange sorrows and the cultivation of fine indifferences. This was her special sign—an innocence dimly tragic. It gave immense effect to her other resources. She opened the secretary with the key she had quickly found, then with the aid of another rattled out a small drawer; after which she pushed the drawer back, closing the whole thing. "You terrify me—you terrify me," she again said.

"How can you say that when you showed me just now how well you know me? Wasn't it just on account of what you thought I might do that you took out the keys as soon as you came in?" Harold's manner had a way of clearing up whenever he could talk of himself.

"You're too utterly disgusting, and I shall speak to your father:" with which, going to the chair he had given up, his mother sank down again with her heavy book. There was no anger, however, in her voice, and not even a harsh plaint; only a detached, accepted disenchantment. Mrs. Brookenham's supreme rebellion against fate was just to show with the last frankness how much she was bored.

"No, darling mummy, you won't speak to my father—you'll do anything in the world rather than that," Harold replied, quite as if he were kindly explaining her to herself. "I thank you immensely for the charming way you take what I have done; it was because I had a conviction of that that I waited for you to know it. It was all very well to tell you I would start on my visit—but how the deuce was I to start without a penny in the world? Don't you see that if you want me to go about you must really enter into my needs?"

"I wish to heaven you would leave me—I wish to heaven you would get out of the house," Mrs. Brookenham went on without looking up.

Harold took out his watch. "Well, mamma, now I *am* ready: I wasn't in the least before. But it will be going forth, you know, quite to seek my fortune. For do you really think—I must have from you what you do think—that it will be all right for me?"

She fixed him at last with her pretty pathos. "You mean for you to go to Brander?"

"You know," he answered with his manner as of letting her see her own attitude, "you know you try to make me do things that you wouldn't at all do yourself. At least I hope you wouldn't. And don't you see that if I so far oblige you I must at least be paid for it?"

His mother leaned back in her chair, gazed for a moment at the ceiling and then closed her eyes. "You *are* frightful," she said; "you're appalling."

"You're always wanting to get me out of the house," he continued; "I think you want to get us *all* out, for you manage to keep Nanda from showing even more than you do me. Don't you think your children are good enough, mummy dear? At any rate, it's as plain as possible that if you don't keep us at home you must keep us in other places. One can't live anywhere for nothing—it's all bosh that a fellow saves by staying with people. I don't know how it is for a lady, but a man practically, is let in—"

"Do you know you kill me, Harold?" Mrs. Brookenham wofully interposed. But it was with the same remote melancholy that, in the next breath, she asked: "It wasn't an *invitation*—to Brander?"

"It's as I told you. She said she'd write, fixing a time; but she never did write."

"But if *you* wrote—"

"It comes to the same thing? *Does* it?—that's the question. If on my note she didn't write—that's what I mean. Should one simply take it that one is wanted? I like to have these things *from* you, mother. I do, I believe, everything you say; but to feel safe and right I must just *have* them. Any one *would* want me, eh?"

Mrs. Brookenham had opened her eyes, but she still attached them to the cornice. "If she hadn't wanted you, she would have written. In a great house like that there's always room."

The young man watched her a moment. "How you *do* like to tuck us in and then sit up yourself! What do you want to do, anyway? What *are* you up to, mummy?"

She rose, at this, turning her eyes about the room as if from the extremity of martyrdom or the wistfulness of some deep thought. Yet when she spoke it was with a different expression, an expression that would have served, for an observer, as a marked illustration of that disconnectedness of her parts which frequently was laughable even to the degree of contributing to her social success. "You've spent, then, more than four pounds in five days. It was on Friday I gave them to you. What in the world do you suppose is going to become of me?"

Harold continued to look at her as if the question demanded some answer really helpful. "Do we live beyond our means?"

She now moved her gaze to the floor. "Will you *please* get away?"

"Anything to assist you. Only, if I *should* find I'm not wanted—?"

She met, after an instant, his look, and the wan loveliness and silliness of her own had never been greater. "*Be* wanted, and you won't find it. You're odious, but you're not a fool."

He put his arms about her now, for farewell, and she submitted as if it were absolutely indifferent to her to whose bosom she was pressed. "You do, dearest," he laughed, "say such sweet things!" And with that he reached the door, on opening which he pulled up at a sound from below. "The Duchess! She's coming up."

Mrs. Brookenham looked quickly round the room, but she spoke with utter detachment. "Well, let her come."

"As I'd let her go. I take it as a happy sign *she* won't be at Brander." He stood with his hand on the knob; he had another quick appeal. "But after Tuesday?"

Mrs. Brookenham had passed half round the room with the glide that looked languid but that was really a remarkable form of activity, and had given a transforming touch, on sofa and chairs, to three or four crushed cushions. It was all with the sad, inclined head of a broken lily. "You're to stay till the twenty-fourth."

"But if I *am* kicked out?"

It was as a broken lily that she considered it. "Then go to the Mangers."

"Happy thought! And shall I write?"

His mother raised a little more a window-blind. "No—I will."

"Delicious mummy!" And Harold blew her a kiss.

"Yes, rather"—she corrected herself. "Do write—from Brander. It's the sort of thing for the Mangers. Or even wire."

"Both?" the young man laughed. "Oh you duck!" he cried. "And from where will *you* let them have it?"

"From Pewbury," she replied without wincing. "I'll write on Sunday."

"Good. How d'ye do, Duchess?"—and Harold, before he disappeared, greeted with a rapid concentration of all the shades of familiarity a large, high lady, the visitor he had announced, who rose in the doorway with the manner of a person used to arriving on thresholds very much as people arrive at stations—with the expectation of being "met."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KILLING FROST.

The Department of Agriculture of the United States reports that the first killing frost of the season is due in northern Minnesota September 18. That date is the average of the past twenty-five years.* Four days later (September 22) corn is frost killed in South Dakota. Again, four days later still, southern Minnesota is visited; and within the three following days, Nebraska and Michigan. This concludes the September operations.

The map shows the relative locations of these first five stations of Jack Frost's annual business travels in the principal corn-producing States. The most remarkable feature of his September journeyings is that he skips Wisconsin until six days after he has visited Michigan.

October operations are, however, begun on the 5th, with Wisconsin as headquarters. The map shows that the first October route, "a," is to the Southwest, reaching Iowa the first day out (October 6). Now Iowa is *the* great corn State, and it is not known whether that is the reason, or whether Jack goes to sleep there for a week and a day to gain strength for the following four days' remarkable work. At any rate, he is due in Kansas on the 14th, and in Illinois on the 15th.

Then, without stopping to take breath, he makes the "b" route complete in twenty-four hours, "doing" both Ohio and New York State on the 16th. Starting immediately on his "c" route, he makes Indiana the following day, having covered five great States in four days.

He then proceeds more leisurely, taking two weeks for the remaining seven October States, an average of just two days to each State, and brings up in the "Old Dominion" on the last day of the month.

His November campaign is opened simultaneously in Arkansas and North Carolina on the first day of the month. That date, however, is merely for record, because he does not start on his "a" route until the 7th, when he visits Alabama, and two days later, Mississippi.

It is very clear that the Southern climate takes the snap out of Jack Frost, just as it does out of other folks, for the map routes and dates show a record of but eight States in the whole twenty-five days, which is a striking contrast to the five States from October 14 to October 17 inclusive, or the twelve States from October 14 to October 31 inclusive, in his more northerly work.

It is of interest to note that the corn-killing record is closed in nine Northwestern States before Ohio and New York are called down, and that eight days more pass, and the accounts of four more States are closed, before Pennsylvania is called upon for a settlement.

A little study of the map will show several other striking geographical relations, making it clear that oceans, great lakes, large mountain systems, and extensive river valleys have a marked influence in determining the close of the vegetation season.

*All dates used herein, and on the accompanying map, are the twenty-five-year average dates of the first killing frosts of the respective localities as reported by the Department of Agriculture.

THE MISER YEAR.

AUTUMN.

Note how the miser year clings to her gold,
Which now is spread o'er forest, hill, and field,
And not until her hands in death grow cold
With Winter's frost will she her bright hoard yield.

F. S. M.

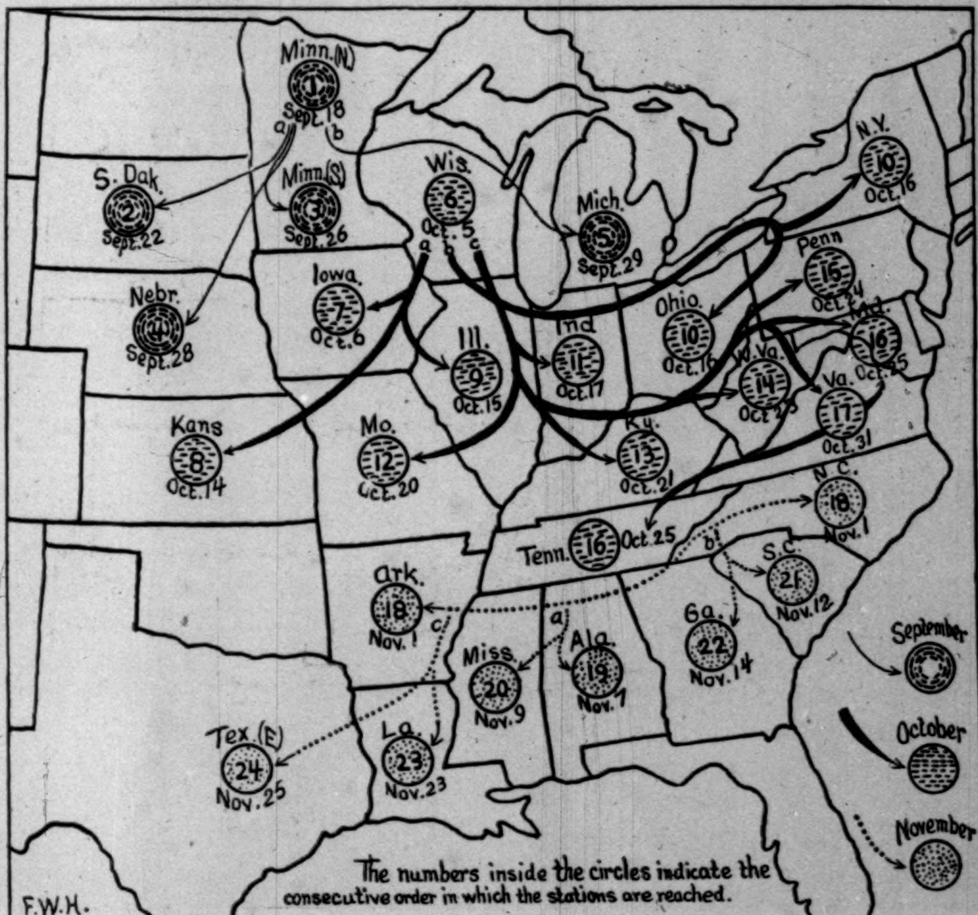
CURTIS'S LETTERS TO DWIGHT.*

It is a genial service that Mr. George Willis Cooke has done in presenting in a neat volume by themselves the letters that George William Curtis wrote to his friend and teacher John S. Dwight, in those idyllic days of his youth at Brook Farm and at Concord. The service consists in not merely giving us the letters, but in setting up the background of life and experience that belongs to them.

In his introductory matter the editor gives a sufficient account of Curtis's early life for his purpose, and affords distinct glimpses of that curious development of Boston transcendentalism in the early forties which culminated in the Brook Farm Association. He lets us know clearly enough what Brook Farm was and who partook of its gentle socialism, and then he reproduces the environment of young Curtis's rustic experience at Concord, where he came in contact with Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. Another service, and one perhaps more needed, consists in reminding the world of the man who for years was known simply as the editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*. He began as a clergyman, and was of the transcendentalist circle, and he taught Latin and music at Brook Farm. A classical scholar and a theologian, he devoted his days mainly to disseminating musical knowledge and taste, with little profit to himself.

This editorial labor revives the atmosphere of the letters, and makes their significance fresh; and in them we find reflected the pellucid mind and character of the youth of nineteen to twenty-two, who became the vigorous champion of reform and of all good causes in the bustling world, the polished orator of the platform and the forum, and the genial philosopher of the famous "Easy Chair." An adequate biography of Curtis, with extracts from his correspondence, had been previously published; but it is well to have by itself this picture of the formative period of his manhood.

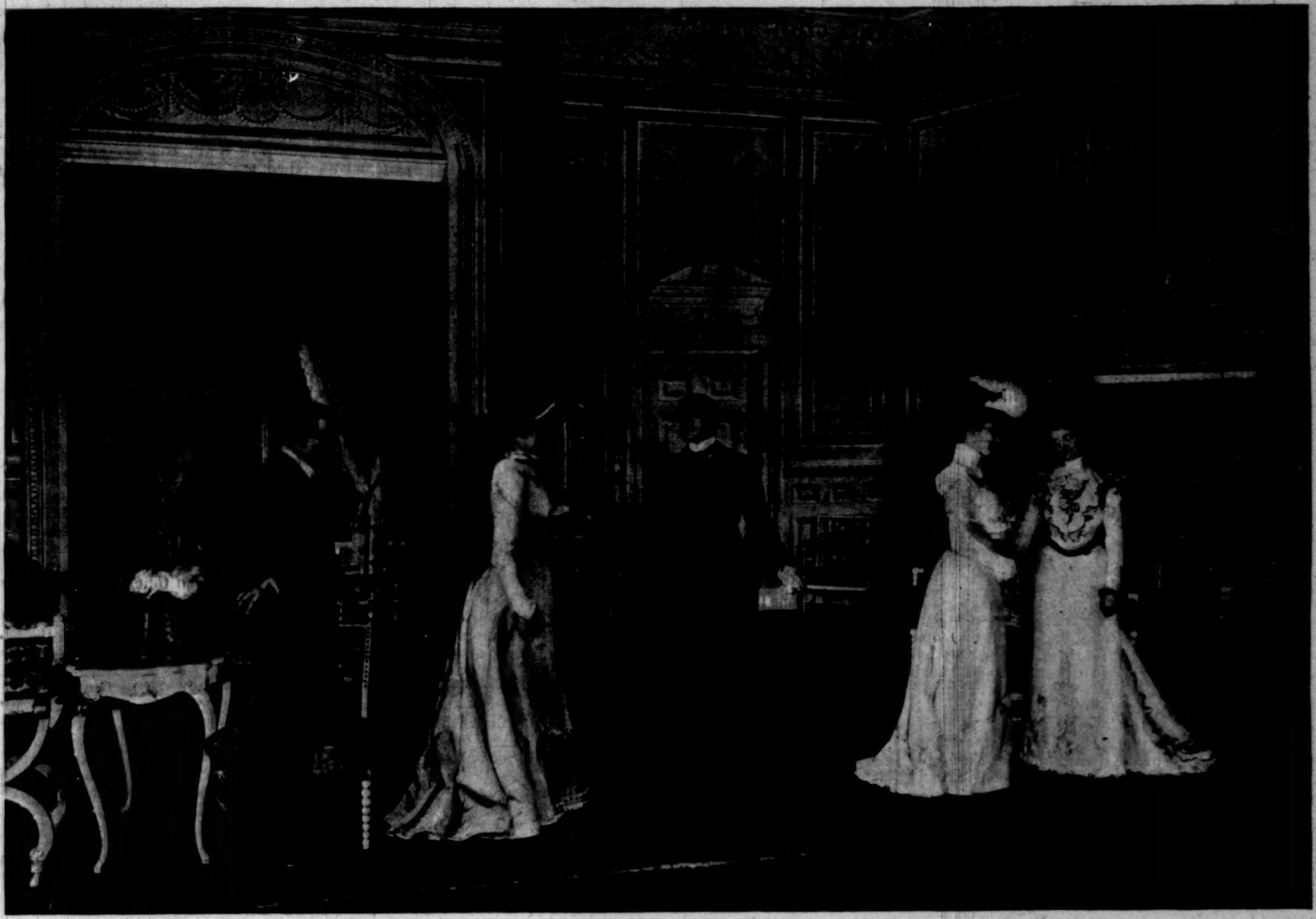
* *Early Letters of George William Curtis to John S. Dwight; Brook Farm and Concord.* Edited by George Willis Cooke. New York and London: Harper and Brothers, publishers, 1898.



JACK FROST'S ROUTE MAP—WITH DATES.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA—SCENE AT THE INDIAN CONGRESS.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT THE EXPOSITION.—[SEE PAGE 987.]



SCENE FROM "THE LIARS," AS PERFORMED BY MR. JOHN DREW'S COMPANY AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. Crespin. "I'm afraid I made a mistake."

DRAMA

THE REAL CYRANO.

THE proverbial difference made by an inch on a man's nose was never better illustrated than in "Cyrano de Bergerac," with which Mr. Richard Mansfield has just opened at the Garden Theatre in New York, and Mr. Daly's company at the Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia. The Cyrano of history had a very good nose: as Napoleon once said of his own, it was no more than enough to air his brain. Unluckily, like *Falstaff*, it not only aired his own wit, but was the occasion of airing wit in others. One ancient writer says it was "like the nose of those yellow-and-green babblers they bring us from America," and other equally unpleasant remarks were passed. Now it was possible in Cyrano's time (if we can trust his contemporary *Touchstone*) to object to the cut of a courtier's beard and not fight him short of the seventh remove, from the retort courteous to the lie direct; but with regard to his nose Cyrano left no loop-hole. If you did not like it you had to fight him on the spot; and though he was one of the most famous men of letters of his time, he was also one of the most dreaded swashbucklers. Here in the facts of history is the theme for a new and thoroughly legitimate romance—The Romance of the Nose. But M. Edmond Rostand was not satisfied with it: he added the proverbial inch, and made it, as the stage directions specify, *le nez terrible*—protruding, fiery, bulbous. On that inch of stage nose the whole play hangs; and in the touch of the grotesque it introduces one finds the theme that led M. Rostand away from the lines of what is called legitimate comedy.

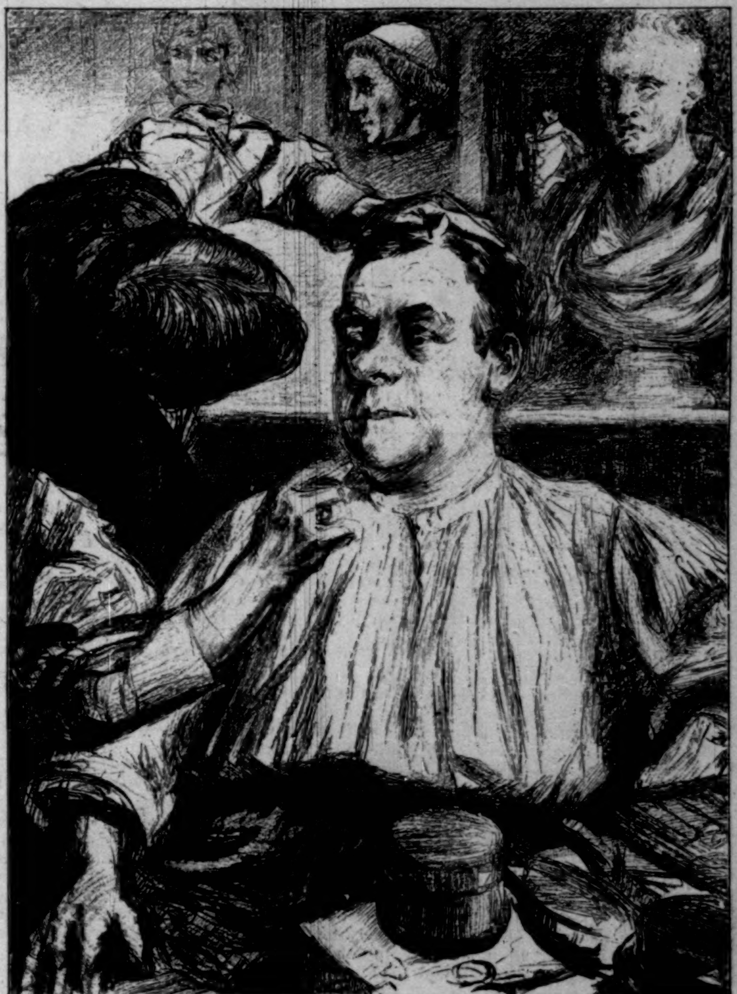
The Romance of the Nose.

But how splendid the grotesque he achieves! The Cyrano of history, if he was given time, could write a *ballade* with all its intricacies of rhyme and refrain; and it is related that he once fought and vanquished a hundred men. *Cyrano* of the nose fights a duel, and at the same time extemporizes a *ballade* describing, from thrust to thrust, how he does it. The refrain he chooses is, "À la fin de l'envoi je touche!" and, sure enough, when the end of the *envoi* comes, he stabs his man, with the refrain in his mouth announcing the fact. It would be impertinent to inquire how many hours of quiet it took M. Rostand to compose that particular *ballade*, or to wonder why M. Rostand did not make *Cyrano* compose a *ballade* while fighting a hundred men, or, for the matter of that, a hundred *ballades*, one for each man. He had other fish to fry! This episode of the *duel en vers* is only one of the grotesque impossibilities, the impossible heroisms, that crowd the five acts of the play.

The Inch on Cyrano's Nose.

The main grotesque impossibility—or let us call it a grotesque necessity—is that though *Cyrano* is a poet at heart and in love with all beauty and grace, his nose places him without the pale of woman's love—his own mother thought him ugly, and he has loved his cousin *Roxane* from childhood almost without hope. Yet he will not even shed a tear for the loss of it all—a tear is too beautiful a thing to be profaned by coursing down his nose! It is enough that when the spell of the blue twilight is upon him and he walks in gardens where lovers meet he has to breathe in the April air through that nose! It transpires that *Roxane* returns the love of one of *Cyrano's* comrades-at-arms, *Christian*. As it happens, *Roxane* has the æsthetic fad of the day, the *preciosité* which Molière has immortalized in "Les Précieuses Ridicules." Now *Christian* is as simple-minded as he is handsome, and badly needs some one to write acceptable love-letters for him.

The Tear and the Nose.



FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE FAMOUS NOSE OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC," COQUELIN IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD.

Poor *Cyrano* undertakes the task for the happiness of addressing *Roxane*, in whatever guise. In spite of his nose, on a letter he has written a tear is discovered! He even speaks for *Christian* one night beneath *Roxane's* balcony, and implores a kiss. The lines are so beautiful that they cannot be taken out of the French without losing the best there is in them: "A kiss? And, after all, what is it! An oath made holier, a promise more precise.... A rose-dot on the *i* of the verb *aimer*, an instant of infinitude that makes the sound of a bee.... A foretaste of the soul upon the lips." It is *Christian* who receives that kiss; but *Cyrano* has a moment of real triumph, knowing that what *Roxane* is kissing is the words he has just been speaking.

When the lovers are married, *Roxane* tells *Christian* that, though attracted at first by his good looks, her heart was won by the beauty of his spirit; she would love him if he were ugly, even grotesque. This rouses *Christian's* manhood; but before he can confess the truth, he is called away to battle, and is killed. The latest letter to *Roxane*, wet with *Cyrano's* tears, becomes stained with *Christian's* blood. He dies imploring *Cyrano* to tell the truth to *Roxane* and claim the love that is his.

Blood and a Tear.

Cyrano's loyalty is little short of quixotic. He delivers the letter, refusing to let *Roxane* know that the man she really loves still lives, though her sorrow is so great that she has taken refuge in a cloister. And his devotion is no less than his loyalty. During fourteen years that elapse between the fourth and fifth acts he has visited her every week to bring her the news of the world, and it is only as he expires that *Roxane* divines his secret. In a passage of surpassing pathos she discovers that the letters are his, that the voice that wooed her beneath her balcony is his voice. The blood on the letter she has cherished is *Christian's*, but the tear is *Cyrano's*. Even here *Cyrano* has no word of regret; he is only grateful that one bit of womanly sympathy has come to him. "Grâce à vous, une robe a passé dans ma vie." Long before the play has reached this point *le nez terrible* is forgotten, and one is lost in the splendor and the beauty and the pathos of the impossible situation that it has alone made possible. It gives a touch of grotesque to the whole, yet the five long acts of "Cyrano" teem with the heroism of war and of love. It is the Romance of the Sword and the Rose.

The success of the play last year in Paris can scarcely be exaggerated. Coming in the wake of a series of problem plays, of attempts in realism, symbolism, and Ibsenism, and all the thousand fads of a nation in which the creative spirit is dormant, it shot across the sky like a burst of light from sunset.

A Threatened Fad.

It is not strange that Paris mistook the play for the herald of a new dawn. Even so lucid and authoritative a critic as M. Emile Faguet declared that Rostand had opened the twentieth century brilliantly and in triumph; that Europe would be made to stare with envy, and that France would be in an ecstasy of pride and of hope. Calmer judgments now prevail. M. Jules Lemaître has pointed out clearly enough that in the main the play of "Cyrano" harks back to what is oldest and most familiar in the French drama. "Far from being an innovation, it is rather a recapitulation, or, if you prefer, the supreme flowering of an artistic growth of three centuries." The fine people of the Hôtel de Rambouillet would have delighted in its elegances of phrase; the swarming vitality of certain of the scenes has the flavor of Rabelais. And that nose! It might have been carved seven hundred years ago on any of the cathedrals of the best period in the Ile de France.

The play is French of the French, and one can only speculate as to how an Anglo-Saxon audience will take to it after the first weeks of its novelty are over. If we honestly follow our tastes I do not think it is likely to prove a lasting success, for the entire atmosphere is that of an exotic—and the bloom of a flower of poetry is sadly brushed off by even the best translation! Yet all the world is talking about it, and not a few are reading it. Theatrical companies all over the country are preparing to produce it the moment the tidings of success are announced from Philadelphia and New York. Most probably we are launched on the indeterminate course of a popular fad—the nose of *Cyrano* is heir to the publicity of *Trilby's* foot.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Liars," which Mr. John Drew has produced at the Empire, is a far better piece than one is permitted to appreciate. With the exception of Mr. Drew, the actors succeed mainly in obscuring the author's intention.

John Drew and The Liars.

It is essentially a drawing-room play, full of quiet shadings and innuendoes; yet every jest or repartee is launched at the audience as if from a torpedo-tube, and its explosion is awaited in theatrical suspense. Some of the more delicate jests are not launched at all, but done to death in slow and meaningless recital. Mr. Drew's manner is in sharp contrast. He is everywhere quiet and reserved. He acts less than he easily might, and leaves the difference in effect to be created in the mind of his hearer. If actors could only realize how grateful one is for the privilege of seeing a thing one's self! If I am not mistaken Mr. Drew rises even above his own high level in some of the more emotional scenes. When he does so one realizes how much force a climax gains from a well-modulated style.

The plot of "The Liars" is curiously like that of Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Meddler." In both plays a wife's indiscretion involves the friends of the family in a mesh of lies. In Mr. Thomas's play the situation is funnier because the wife is quite innocent, and the man who suffers the worst consequences of intermeddling is actuated by the sincerest motives—it is a situation filled with the eternal irony of social limitations. Mr. Jones's wife and her lover are the conventional would-be runaways—the woman shallow in her vagaries, the man an ass in his vehemence. Yet as an acting play there is no comparison. From curtain to curtain and from act to act everything in "The Liars" is adjusted with almost Gallic skill of construction. The movement never strays or flags, and though the climaxes are unobtrusive, they happen along at opportune moments; and the spectator is never for an instant in doubt as to what is going on. Much of the wit of the lines is excellent, and the situations, especially that at the end of the third act, are very amusing. Altogether the play is worthy of success, and, in spite of the crudity of several of the actors, will doubtless achieve it.

JOHN CORBIN.

MUSIC

COMIC OPERA AGAIN.

Look at its eye, look at its eye, look at its rolling eye!
—"*A Runaway Girl.*"

FLASHING and capering, comic opera is effecting its annual sortie on New York. It is the regular season's skirmishing-line. Like Roderick Dhu's gillies, hid along Vennachar, nothing is heard of it, until, presto! a whistle is blown, and, lo, all the region is alive with the clan! It fits the mood, too, in which September and October find many ordinarily sensible people. Winter is not yet here, but there is coolness and a nip in the blood. We are back in town, and at work. But until at least November let us enjoy as much of an Indian summer of carelessness and irresponsible vitality as we can through the musical stage's counterfeit of frolic and out-of-doors life—gradually rising to our duty and sober ideals.

I do not know that it is fair, however, to class with musical guerilla-work productions that are even as independent of each other, as independent of correct musical models, as careless of deference to the limits of absurdity in play-acting through music, as are "A Runaway Girl," "The Charlatan," and "The Little Corporal." Much less should one include the Castle Square's systematic repertory-work, with "Boccaccio," "Iolanthe," "Dorothy," "A Trip to Africa," and so on. Our broadest home-made creation, the sort that Mr. Wilson commands, and in which Mr. Hopper comes down upon us like a De Wolf on the fold, is scornful of the dictates of almost everything except the wishes of those jovial low-comedians who star in them. But few of the regular season's incidents are more shrewdly, intelligently, and expensively planned and carried out. There is, too, a gain in many artistic details from autumn to autumn—admitting all the perversities and shortcomings. We find more musicianly music, more real humor in the absurd plot or dialogue of drollery. There is always closer heed to avoid any shade of real impropriety. So, notwithstanding the familiar faults of the old line of comic efforts of the sort, the musical carefulness and effect advance and the ensemble work ever is better and better done.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK,
Of the Castle Square Opera Company.

Comic opera in English and opera-comique made in English much more broadly comic than it should be—something of an accepted hybrid that irritates us, and has to be scolded as much as do other sorts of hybrids—are the direct result of those days of the Casino to which we are apt to look back rather affectionately, even to calling them good old ones. Really they were not a bit better than they should have been, year by year. The same high priests of their fun-making are the authorities of vogue in it to-day. The priestesses somehow have largely disappeared from prominence, going down unto vaudeville or into the vale of over-ripe years. Miss Lillian Russell is, I think, the only one to be called actually in wide public notice as an operatic singer still; and Miss Russell came to the Casino in its later and Offenbach period, not when we were having "Erminie," "Nadgy," "The Merry War," "Nell Gwynne," "Nanon," "The Beggar Student," "Madelon," "The Marquise," and so on. Besides that fact, Miss Russell had no ordinary voice and musical schooling. It is true that Strauss, Millöcker, Genée, and Lacome furnished operettas of graceful musicianship and quieter humor, even to sentiment really refined. But the plots and references nearly always hinted at Paris or Vienna in a license of moral situations. The dialogue was Bowdlerized into crude and hack English. The operettas once selected, they were maltreated by horse-play and "gagging" to the full. Gaudiness of mounting was a specialty, and a tiresomely frank dependence was put not on the human voice divine, but on the human form divine. Now there is certainly much to criticise, even to rebuke, as art, in such pieces as "Wang," "The Wizard of the Nile," "The Charlatan," "The Little Corporal," "A Runaway Girl," and, I dare say, in what Mr. Jefferson-Concerning-The-Angels is about to disclose to us—"The Jolly Musketeer." But they are made expressly to fit the singing low-comedians in question. No original that has been more æsthetically sound is abused in them. Their music is often excellent, as well as much more sonorous and varied than that of their imported predecessors. The plots are quintessently absurd; but they are novel in picturesqueness of situation, and the text has some share of real wit and of literary cleverness in the lyrics. Moreover, a large group of young women, the female protagonists, have studied, and studied hard, for just the species of capable work that they do, not merely depending on their personal good looks, nor drifting into such musical services as unsuccessful climbers toward serious opera or recruits from vaudeville. The choruses, too, are far better as singers and actors. Who does not shudder to remember the old—literally old—Casino chorus? The orchestra is apt to be well chosen and intelligently led. So really the attributes of frolic opera as we hear it may cheer us as critics of music's lighter side, although we reprove the faults in it at which we—laugh!

Between the half-dozen examples of such opera, old or new, our own or imported, now bidding for their term of popular favor, there is no very distinct choice. At the Broadway and Knickerbocker theatres we find perfect instances of how local traditions that misguide are kept alive, or how far improvement marches quietly along despite them. Mr. Wilson has arrived at a higher plane of acting as *Petitpas*, in "The Little Corporal." But the book by Mr. Smith has an extravagance of absurdity that will hardly brook a shade of the serious in all Mr. Wilson's work as comedian, to say nothing of the highly successful aim of the librettist at a really humorous dialogue, and at a constant flash of that touch-and-go fun in which the public delight. Mr. Englander's score is full of good writing. It has at least the numbers that catch the ear strongly—the "Sons of France" chorus and the brisk seditious song against Bonaparte. But Mr. Englander has not reached a high mark of melodic invention or originality of effect in any act. Even in the two numbers named we are referred to "Tannhäuser" and "The Mulligan Guards," in funny succession. Of course, Mr. Wilson makes the most of all designed for him, in his accustomed manner; Miss Glaser is a delightful aide-de-camp; in Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan a pleasant singer and spirited operatic actor comes forward; and "The Little Corporal" is a fluent and brightly colored spectacle, if a trifle long.

Mr. Hopper has been provided by Mr. Sousa in "The Charlatan" not merely with music better calculated to show a fine barytone voice, but with three acts of no mean merit, when ideas and firm treatment of vocal or instrumental contents are examined. Miss Bergen sings artistically. Each ensemble number is quite capitally done. Mr. Hopper cannot help being the last man for us to take seriously, even in his vocalism; but I begin to expect the day when I shall hear him, and with commendation, as a Wagnerian barytone or *Marcel* or *Mephistopheles*. I have already heard him as *Leonora* in "The Trovatore," not to mention his appearance as *Juliet!* As for "A Runaway Girl," at Daly's, it is not as diverting in plot, song-text, or dialogue as was "The Geisha." Mr. Carryll and Mr. Monckton, nevertheless, have put into the piece gayety, several charming or droll lyrics, and the close is a surprise in its quickening of one's declined interest in the mirth and music. We have, as before now, with these London arrivals, a stage overflowing with something like real youthfulness, true buoyancy, life, smiling good looks. The English model of comic opera inclines just now to the simplicities of the old "ballad-opera" manner. With its aristocratic names, its undercurrent of good-breeding and decorous reserves, it is attractive despite its being pitched to a quiet key as a frolic. It is more a butterfly than a bird, and it has remarkably pretty wings. It likes to build its absurdity on the yachting or travelling adventures of a lot of young persons of title, and the result is a dramatic aspect somewhere between a fashionable bazar in a shire town and a house party of charming lunatics. It does not care much more about its heroes than that they must be boyish and slim and graceful; but it does make much of scrapes of an immature heroine, who is at once as timorous as a schoolgirl and brassy as a ballet danseuse; who always wholly conceals her identity by merely letting down her back hair, and who comes out unscathed even from a Tea-House of Ten Thousand Joys or a strolling minstrel-band.

By the Castle Square forces "Patience" has been wisely and gratefully announced, succeeding to the "Trip to Africa," in which the artistic singing of half a dozen of the principals and Mr. Raymond Hitchcock's low-comedy were much relished by a houseful of regular patrons. Mr. Hitchcock has natural humor of face and style; all he needs is more discretion in his fooling.

At Wallack's "The Fortune Teller," with an amusing book by Mr. Smith and a brilliant score by Mr. Victor Herbert, is admirably sung by a strong company, headed by Miss Alice Neilsen, Mr. Eugene Cowles, and Mr. Joseph Herbert.

Let us take the good with the bad. There is much art as good as the vehicle demands, and some decidedly better. The great enemy to art in it is the gagging, especially when such a thing is thrown into a piece when it rings false to bring an insult. Mr. Hopper, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Powers, Mr. Hitchcock, are sinners in the same kind, if by no means in the same degree. But while their gagging is the joy of the vulgar, be it noted that it is not *risqué* gagging. It is, too, so old a liberty that we can almost reverence it. The Greek and Roman stage was full of gaggers' echoes. On the London boards, in the seventeenth century, Pinkethman, a noted comedian, was one who "ever interpolated all manner of Joakes and Gestures not in his Part, according to the Authour." There is, too, a strongly contemporary hint in this protest: "What jumping over tables and joust stools! What ridiculous postures and grimaces! And what an excellent trick it was to straddle before an audience making a thousand d——d French faces! *And yet the town was so proud of all these that they brought the greatest houses ever known!*" Mr. Pinkethman is ably represented to-day, as well as the public's liking for his theory of humor.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

The triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country, which has just begun its sessions at Washington, D. C., is the supreme legislature of the Church. The structure of the convention bears resemblance to the Congress of the United States, the bishops being, so to speak, Senators for life, and sitting (always in "executive session") apart from the Representatives, as we may call the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, which is composed of not more than four clergymen and four laymen from each diocese, chosen by election in the various diocesan conventions. The two Houses must agree upon any legislation before it may pass into law; since there is no Chief Executive, like the President of the United States, no veto power anywhere exists, and the comparison with our national legislation fails at this point.

The convention charged with duties so important is of course an imposing body—imposing in mere bulk as in talent and character. The House of Clerical and Lay Deputies includes, generally speaking, the most eminent priests and the foremost laymen of the Church, and in large number; indeed, this House is now cumbrously large, containing at present about four hundred and fifty members, and constantly growing in bulk with the creation of new dioceses, so that the difficulty of clean and thorough despatch of business by the House has become great already, and some attempts at reducing the number of deputies have been made, but without result hitherto.

The convention is a wandering body, meeting in different places, according to its own appointment. In 1895 the place of session was Minneapolis; in 1892, Baltimore; in 1889, New York, in 1886, Chicago, etc. This year, for the first time, it assembles at the capital, which, since the last convention, has become the see city of the new Diocese of Washington, presided over by Bishop Satterlee, long rector of Calvary Church, New York. As must be the case in a body composed chiefly of elderly men, death commonly deprives either House of some familiar figures at each triennial meeting. Among those thus taken away who are likely to be most missed from the convention of 1898 are the late Bishop Coxe of Western New York, and the late Stephen P. Nash, senior warden of Trinity Parish, New York, whose term of service in the convention had endured for twenty years.

The presiding bishop is the senior in date of consecration, but as this rule is likely to devolve the duty of directing the deliberations of the House of Bishops upon one of the more aged and infirm of their number, provision was made sometime since for the election of a chairman, who may relieve his senior whenever he be desired so to do. It is to be feared that the venerable Bishop Williams of Connecticut, who for ten years has been presiding bishop, may be hindered by the weight of infirmity from active service during the present session. The House of Clerical and Lay Deputies elects a president at every convention. The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, New York, first chosen president in 1886, has been re-elected at every succeeding convention. He is a model presiding officer, urbane with firmness and unfailingly just, and no doubt will be chosen without dissenting voice if he shall be willing to undertake this arduous duty for a fifth time.

For near twenty years the General Convention has been chiefly occupied with large matters, of widespread interest through the Church, requiring singular labor, and absorbing most of the time at its disposal. Efforts after greater flexibility in the use of the Prayer-Book resulted finally in the tedious work of Prayer-Book revision, which, begun formally in 1880, was not finally completed till 1892. The result of the long-continued work was to leave that great treasury of devotion very little changed—certainly not impaired, but slightly enriched, and with some allowance of alternative uses. An effect not designed nor foreseen, resulting partly from the long period during which the Prayer-Book was in a state of flux, and partly from the new liberty allowed in use of the book as finally settled, has been to break down the old notions of rubrical rigidity, which, whether their absence be deplored or not, seem to have vanished never to return. Concurrently with Prayer-Book revision (during most of the time) the convention was engaged in the task—not difficult merely, but perhaps impossible, and certainly impossible by the method adopted—of producing an ideal hymn-book, to be imposed for exclusive use in the Church. The hymn-book was completed also in 1892. In that year the convention began another great task in the complete revision of its constitution and canons. Not only had long-continued patchwork brought these into disorder, but they were considered inadequate for the needs and duty of the Church.

The ungrateful and most difficult preliminary work of this revision was intrusted by the convention to a commission of seven bishops, seven clergymen, and seven laymen, appointed by the House of Bishops and the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies respectively. The strength of this commission may be inferred from the list of its episcopal members as originally appointed, who were Bishops Williams, Coxe, Doane, Dudley, Burgess, Potter, and Paret. The members of the commission were scattered from Minnesota to Georgia, their meetings involving necessarily great consumption of valuable time. Their report was, however, made ready in season for printed copies thereof to be distributed among members of the convention of 1895 some months before the meeting of that body, and was the chief topic of debate during its sessions. Nevertheless, only partial progress was made. To alter the constitution it is required that a General Convention should adopt the proposed change, which then is notified to all the diocesan conventions, after which, to become effective, it must be again adopted by the supreme legislature without the slightest alteration. A portion of the report of the commission (more or less amended after debate) was adopted by the convention of 1895, and now awaits the chance of ratification at the present session, but a considerable part of the report is less advanced, having failed of passage three years ago, and being recommitted. The report on this matter has been in the hands of deputies for several months. The Very Rev. Dr. E. A. Hoffman, of New York, was the chief official spokesman of the commission in the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies of 1895, and will doubtless appear in a like position this year.

It is apparent that this business must be the main occupation of the present convention. With the chance of non-ratification of the work done in 1895, and the certainty of much new matter now first to be dealt with, evidently the whole time of the convention would scarce suffice to complete the labor. Debate will probably run high over the proposed new canon on marriage and divorce, which it is proposed to make very stringent. The variety of views entertained concerning what really is the Scriptural teaching on this matter opens the door to wide diversity of utterance.

THOMAS F. BAYARD.

September 28, 1898.

Pure-minded and of lofty soul,
  Heart belike a woman's in its tenderness,
Aspirations ever toward the highest goal,
  Principles unflinchingly "*oblige noblesse.*"

Unselfish always, with the goodly pride
  Of conscious strength of purpose; and of cant the foe.
The friend and counsellor and upright guide
  Of all well-meaning men, or high, or low.

The friend of good, of wrong the enemy:
  The nation mourns a true American.
A Bayard truly in his lofty chivalry—
  A statesman and a gentleman!

J. K. B.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

ALWAYS WATCHFUL.

The milk used for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is from the best dairies, under contracts with farmers, guaranteeing purity and richness in health-giving constituents.—[*Adv.*]

Superior to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

New lease of life—inheritance of subjects who use Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters, as tonic. Not hard to take, not hard to get. All druggists.—[*Adv.*]

For looseness of bowels Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is a positive specific.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

WRIGHTS GENUINE HEALTH UNDERWEAR

Constructed on the hygienic principle of maintaining an equable temperature whether the body is at rest or during violent exercise. This result is obtained by having a quantity of air stored next to the skin, which is made possible by having the wool, which comes in contact with the skin, fastened to the outer fabric in tiny loops—each separate—thus providing air space. This also prevents shrinking or felting in washing. All the Genuine Wrights garments are constructed on this principle. Send for our booklet, mailed free if you mention this magazine. In purchasing, look for this trade ticket,

denoting the genuine garment.

WRIGHTS UNDERWEAR CO.
New York City.

Since NOAH'S Time

The strength or extract of beef has always been regarded by mankind as pre-eminently the greatest source of vigor and refreshment. It has strengthened and soothed centuries of tired muscles and weary brains. A jar of

LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT OF BEEF

contains the concentrated strength of the finest lean beef. It enables anyone to make the most delicious strengthening soups and sauces easily and quickly.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

The only machine that embodies all of the experience achieved in the making of writing machines. It began at the beginning and led the way up to the utmost perfection of mechanism yet attained, i. e., to the Remington Models Nos. 6, 7, and 8 (wide carriage).

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT
327 Broadway, New York

No. 4711 ESSENCE OF Rhine Violets No. 4711

The highest degree of refinement.—Wonderfully delicate and lasting.—Absolutely true odor of the living flower.—Be sure to get the "No. 4711."

Sole U. S. Agents
MÜLHENS & KROPFF
NEW YORK

EDUCATION BY MAIL

Thousands have been helped to better pay & positions through our system of instruction

Buildings erected expressly for this purpose at a cost of $225,000 Courses of Steam, Electrical, Mechanical or Civil Engineering; Chemistry; Mining; Mechanical and Architectural Drawing; Surveying; Plumbing; Architecture; Metal Pattern Drafting; Prospecting; Bookkeeping; Shorthand; English Branches.

$2 A MONTH pays for a College Education at Home. 40,000 Students and Graduates.
Circular FREE. State subject you wish to study.
THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1159, Scranton, Pa., U. S. A.

Wallingford, Connecticut.
ROSEMARY HALL, a Country School for Girls
MISS RUNTZ-REES, Principal.
Ninth year begins Oct. 1, 1898.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.
Our name spells—
S—O—H—M—E—R
New York Warerooms
SOHMER BUILDING
Fifth Ave., cor 22d St.

AMERICA, BELOVED LAND.

BY ABBOTT FREDERIC.

AMERICA, belovèd land,
In reverence here thy children stand;
From West, from South, from East, from North,
Thy heroes show thy power forth.
Thy raging war-bolts rend and crash;
Thy foes to swift destruction dash:
Yet grant, O God, that wars may cease,
And keep us in Thy holy peace!

Our country, sacred, glorious, blest,
Defender of the poor, oppressed,
Forever may thy people be
United, equal, brave, and free,—
Their radiant banner never furled,
Their mission to uplift the world.
Almighty God, stretch out Thy hand,
In blessing, o'er our native land!

Her sons pledge riches, life, and fame
To keep unstained her spotless name;
Their blood has dropped like crimson rain;
Their great deeds live and shout again:
But let us not in power and pride
Forsake our fathers' Light and Guide.
Eternal God, ne'er turn Thy face
From deathless Freedom's chosen race!

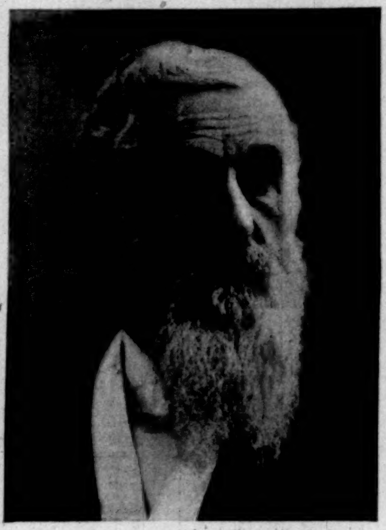
[This poem was written by Mr. Frederic after listening to a performance of the "Star-Spangled Banner." The words of this familiar song seemed to him weak and inadequate, and he therefore set himself to the task of composing something worthy of the nation. It is hoped that some musician will set the words to music.—EDITOR WEEKLY.]

LORENZO SNOW.

LORENZO SNOW, the new president, prophet, seer, and revelator of the Mormon Church, is one of the most remarkable characters developed by his peculiar sect. He combines to a marked degree the spiritual devotion which has gained Mormonism its converts, and the business ability which has enabled the Church to make them prosperous. The two prominent achievements of Mr. Snow's life illustrate this statement. He travelled 150,000 miles as missionary, from 1836 to 1872, gathering converts from Turkey to Hawaii, and all the time paying his own expenses, in accordance with the rule of the Church, and also during this time guided a large body of the Mormons in the work of transforming the northwestern section of Utah from a bleak waste into a prosperous farming country.

President Snow is now eighty-four years old, having been born April 3, 1814, in Mantua, Ohio. He came from old New England stock, however, like most of the other men of strong character whom Joseph Smith gathered about him. He was converted to Mormonism by an itinerant missionary, whom he met while on his way to Oberlin College. After his graduation he joined Joseph Smith at Kirtland, Ohio, and became the tutor of the "prophet's" children. He was then steadily advanced in the Church, until he became a member of the twelve apostles because of his work in the missionary field.

During the anti-polygamy movement in Utah he demonstrated courage greater than that of most of his associates in the Church; for while they concealed themselves from the United States officials, he boldly faced the law, and served a term in the penitentiary. He married five times, and gathered a large family about him.



LORENZO SNOW,
New President of the Church of the Latter-day Saints (Mormon).

In late years, as the president of the apostles, he has been in charge of the highly important temple-work. Latter-day Saints believe that the souls of those who failed to be baptized on earth can be saved by substitute baptism in Mormon temples. Under President Snow's direction the people have been aroused to enthusiasm over this work, and now thousands of baptisms are performed in the temples every year for those who have been dead scores of years, and even centuries.

AMERICAN SHIPS FOR RUSSIA.

LARGELY as the result of the recent performances of our naval vessels, no doubt, the Russian government has placed an order for the construction of a battle-ship and a cruiser with the Cramps of Philadelphia, although this firm has already furnished Russia with four fighting-ships.

The contract for the construction of these vessels was executed on the 23d of April last, in St. Petersburg, by Charles H. Cramp, president, on behalf of the Cramp Shipbuilding Company, and by Vice-Admiral V. Verhovskoy, I.R.N., whose position in the Russian admiralty is analogous to that of chief constructor in our navy, on behalf of the Russian government. Both ships are to be completed about October, 1900, and all the material used in their construction will be of American manufacture.

The battle-ship, not yet named, is numbered 300—that is, she is the 300th ship built by the Cramps. She is to have a length of 368 feet, 72 feet 2½ inches beam, 25 feet draught, with a displacement of 12,700 tons. She will be provided with triple-expansion engines, with water-tube boilers of the Niclausse type to develop 16,000 indicated horse-power, and a speed of 18 knots for 12 hours.

The main battery will consist of four 12-inch breech-loading rifles, mounted in pairs in two turrets on the middle line, one forward and one aft, and twelve 6-inch quick-firing guns. The secondary battery will consist of twenty 3-inch, twenty 47-millimetre, six 37-millimetre, and two 2½-inch guns—all of the rapid-fire type, and she will be fitted with six torpedo-tubes.

This new Russian battle-ship will be of a distinctive type, and will represent the latest development of the art of naval architecture as applied to armored sea-going vessels. The marked distinction hitherto prevailing between what is known as a battle-ship, pure and simple, and an armored cruiser, has been here to a considerable extent modified so that the new battle-ship combines in her design some of the qualities of both, being a first-class battle-ship in battery power and armored protection, and yet having the speed, coal capacity, and sea-keeping endurance of an armored cruiser.

The cruiser under construction for Russia will be 400 feet long, 52 feet beam, 19 feet 6 inches draught, and of 6500 tons displacement—that is, about half the size of the battle-ship—and will have a guaranteed speed of 23 knots for twelve hours. She likewise is to be provided with water-tube boilers of the Niclausse type, calculated to develop 20,000 indicated horse power. Her main battery will consist of twelve 6-inch breech-loading rifles, and her secondary battery of twelve 3-inch and six 47-millimetre guns, all of the rapid-fire type. She will also be provided with six torpedo-tubes.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Books

Crooked Trails. Written and Illustrated by FREDERIC REMINGTON, Author of "Pony Tracks," etc. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00.

There are one or two departures in the present volume from Mr. Remington's accustomed haunts—departures which lead him into the storied past; but in them he remains as virile and as convincing as we have been accustomed to find him in more familiar scenes.

The Instinct of Step-Fatherhood. Stories. By LILIAN BELL, Author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," etc. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1 25.

The various stories gathered together in this new volume have appeared from time to time in various periodicals. Several of them are veritable masterstrokes of ingenious construction, and all are well up to the standard which Miss Bell has set for her work, and to which she consistently adheres.

Wild Eelin; Her Escapades, Adventures, and Bitter Sorrows. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "A Princess of Thule," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," etc. Illustrated by T. DE THULSTRUP. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75.

"Wild Eelin" is a picturesque story of Scottish life, written in the author's best manner, the manner of "A Daughter of Heth" and "Madcap Violet." . . . The charm of the story is in the heroine, a sweet, capricious, unreasonable, dear, wholly inconsistent and altogether fetching girl, who has two lovers and keeps both at her feet, and leaves both broken-hearted when she dies.

Fables for the Frivolous. (With Apologies to La Fontaine.) By GUY WETMORE CARRYL. With Illustrations by PETER NEWELL. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $1 50.

The apologue is perhaps the oldest existing form of literary entertainment, and in his "Fables for the Frivolous" Mr. Carryl has confessedly followed in the immortal footprints of Æsop and La Fontaine. He has even dared to put new wine into the old bottles, an experiment which is generally accounted to be hazardous in the extreme, and only to be justified by its success. But Mr. Carryl has succeeded, and his new liquor makes very agreeable tipple.

Books on Sport

The Golfer's Alphabet. Illustrations by A. B. FROST. Rhymes by W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN. 4to, Illuminated Boards, $1 50.
Mr. Frost has worked *con amore* in picturing harmless foibles of his fellow-enthusiasts.

The Golficide, and Other Tales of the Fair Green. By W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN. Illustrated. 16mo, Half Cloth, Colored Top, $1 00
Lovers of King James's famous game will welcome this bright and inimitably humorous collection of golf stories.—*Zion's Herald*, Boston.

American Football. By WALTER CAMP. With Thirty-two Portraits. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25.
A volume which will appeal directly to the players of America's robust game.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Football Facts and Figures. By WALTER CAMP. Post 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
This is altogether a unique and remarkable book.—*N. Y. Times*

A Primer of College Football. By W. H. LEWIS. Illustrated from Instantaneous Photographs and with Diagrams. 16mo, Paper, 75 cents.
We heartily recommend it as the best practical guide to football we have yet discovered.—*Harvard Crimson*.

On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds. By CASPAR WHITNEY. Twenty-eight Hundred Miles after Musk-Oxen and Wood-Bison. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.
This book is the result of a six month's trip through the Northwest Territory into the Arctic Circle, and back.

Riders of Many Lands. By General THEODORE A. DODGE. Illustrated with Drawings by FREDERIC REMINGTON, and from Photographs of Oriental Subjects. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.
In this book we have the enthusiasm of an author who loves his "mounts."

Horsemanship for Women. By THEODORE H. MEAD. Illustrated by GRAY PARKER. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.
It well deserves to be household manual.—*Congregationalist*, Boston.

How Women Should Ride. By "C. DE HURST." Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25.
To every woman who has to do with horses, either in riding or driving, this volume will prove to be of great practical value.

A Sporting Pilgrimage. By CASPAR WHITNEY. Studies in English Sport. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.
A handsome and interesting book, and it will undoubtedly give to American readers some new ideas about sports in England.—*N. Y. Times*.

Track Athletics in Detail. Illustrated from Instantaneous Photographs. 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.

NEW YORK HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers LONDON

QUEEN LOUISE OF DENMARK.

BORN SEPTEMBER 7, 1817. DIED SEPTEMBER 29, 1898.

THE people of Copenhagen were apt to refer to her as "our old Queen," with unfeigned affection, for she represented their own virtues, and added a queenly distinction to the national tastes by proving that she loved sincere home life, with stanch friendships and with hospitality, with good books and pictures and music, even as the Danes love and cultivate these things. But of course there was much more than this: there was respect for her uncommon ability and the deference that her success imposed; for within the limits of her personal ambition she was admirably successful. Her ambition was to be a helpful consort to her husband, who was not the cleverest man in his kingdom; to establish all of her children advantageously; and, rather like a New England mother, to make sure that her sons and daughters, with their wives and husbands, should return often and informally to the old homestead. A man whose life had been long, like her own—Prince Bismarck—spoke of her as the ablest and shrewdest diplomat among the women of Europe; and yet all that she accomplished was done in womanly fashion and inconspicuously. Each of her six children married into some royal family—such fortune in this respect as the royal house of Austria once had—and their annual gatherings at her country home were appreciated by no one more thoroughly than by the late Czar of Russia, Alexander III.

A daughter of Landgrave Wilhelm of Hesse-Cassel, Louise was married at the age of twenty-five years to Christian, fourth son of Wilhelm, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sondersburg-Glücksburg. By the treaty of London, May 8, 1852, and by the Danish law of succession, July 31, 1853, Christian was appointed to succeed King Frederick VII. of Denmark, and ten years later (November 15, 1863) came to the throne. His eldest son and the heir-apparent, Prince Frederick, born June 3, 1843, married Princess Louisa, daughter of King Carl XV. of Sweden and Norway; Princess Alexandra, born December 1, 1844, was married on March 10, 1863, to the Prince of Wales; Prince Wilhelm, born on December 24, 1845, and, when only eighteen years old, elected by the Greek National Assembly King of the Hellenes, under the title of George I., married the Grand-Duchess Olga Constantina of Russia; Princess Marie Dagmar, born November 26, 1847, was married to Alexander III. of Russia; Princess Thyra, born September 29, 1853, was married on December 21, 1878, to Prince Ernest August, Duke of Cumberland; and Prince Waldemar, born October 27, 1858, married the Princess Marie d'Orléans, eldest daughter of the Duc de Chartres.

Queen Louise had been seriously ill for several months, and all of the members of her family, apprised of the danger, had come together once more in Copenhagen, and were at the bedside at the time of her death.

HON. THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD.

THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD.

BORN OCTOBER 29, 1828. DIED SEPTEMBER 28, 1898.

THE death of Thomas F. Bayard, on September 28, gives the country occasion to pause for a moment to reflect upon the decadence of American politics, and upon the utter intellectual and moral ruin of the party of which, for nearly a generation, he was one of the chief ornaments. Mr. Bayard was a man of excellent ability, of large attainments as a publicist, and of absolute integrity of character. No mean thought ever entered his mind—at least none ever found utterance from him in word or deed. He was a Democrat because he believed in certain principles which were held to constitute the essence of Democracy, until the party fell a prey to ignorance and socialism. First of all, he was a patriot, and then a statesman and lawyer. He entered the Senate as the successor of his distinguished father, James A. Bayard, who in turn had honorably filled the seat of his father. For the sixteen years during which Thomas Bayard was a Senator, from his native State of Delaware, I venture to believe that he never performed a public act nor made a public speech, in or out of the Senate, that was not inspired by a desire to advance the welfare of his country. He would no more have thought to take advantage of his place in the Senate to further his personal interests than John Marshall would have sold a decision of the Supreme Court for money. It is one of the pitiful facts of the day that this seems like extravagant praise. Such praise would not have been considered extravagant in 1869, when Mr. Bayard entered the Senate. There were, indeed, black sheep in public life thirty years ago, but there were many statesmen who, like Mr. Bayard, were men of high ideals. There are a few of them left among Republican leaders, or at least there are such men in the Republican party, who have not been expelled from political life. Mr. Bayard's death reminds us that hardly one of his kind is left in the Democratic party. They have been driven into exile. It is painful to think of the splendid galaxy of men whose services the country and the Democratic party once enjoyed, and who are now in private life, driven out by the coarsest and most ignorant, in some instances the most depraved, men who have ever attained to national leadership. The names of the contemporaries and associates of Mr. Bayard, who, like him, have had no place in politics since the Democratic organization passed over to Bryanism, Murphyism, and Crokerism, are among the famous names of our time. There are John G. Carlisle, William L. Wilson, Grover Cleveland, Clifton Breckenridge, Charles S. Fairchild, Wade Hampton, of whose services the country is deprived in order that vulgar men may serve themselves in places once filled by patriots and statesmen. Senator Caffery is on his way to them; and if Allan G. Thurman, Lucius Q. C. Lamar, and Benjamin F. Hill were alive, they too would doubtless be numbered among the giants whose political life had been struck at by the modern pygmies.

These and others like them were the kind of men with whom Mr. Bayard formed political comradeship when, on March 4, 1869, not quite forty-one, he entered the United States Senate. Not only would the statement that the Senator's ideal was patriotic and unselfish service to his country, and that his honor was as white as that of the judge, have been thought not extravagant by statesmen of Mr. Bayard's type, its utterance would have been regarded as an impertinence. Public men and law-givers had been suspected of selling themselves, it is true, but a self-confessed corruptionist would have no more been admitted to the Senate thirty years ago than would a professional pickpocket now be accepted as an ornament of general society. Patriotism and honor were so much the rule with men of Mr. Bayard's type that, in their time, every politician was either honest or a hypocrite. Ability and learning were also recognized, thirty years ago, as useful and sometimes essential to statesmanship. It will be seen, therefore, that the time when Mr. Bayard led the Democratic party in the Senate, and when his friends sought to nominate him for the Presidency, was different from the time when Murphy sits in the Senate where Tillman leads, when Croker dominates a Democratic State convention in New York, and when Bryan and Hill are Presidential possibilities.

Mr. Bayard was bred a statesman. His studies and his thoughts were of the affairs of government, and his aspirations, as well as his toil, were for the country which he loved devotedly, and which he served with a zealous loyalty and with great intelligence for nearly thirty years. His concern for the welfare of the republic endured as long as he was able to give utterance to conscious sentiment, and I think that, in proof of this, I may be pardoned in quoting from a private letter recently received from one of his daughters, in which she says, "As long as he was able to hold up his head, his heart and mind were full of interest for the good government of this country, and of the great satisfaction he felt in the attitude of Great Britain during our struggle with Spain."

Mr. Bayard's training gave him at once a place of prominence in the Senate. He was an admirable debater, in the larger sense, and while his constitutional arguments against reconstruction legislation did not stay the purpose of the Republicans, they did much to enlighten the country. He never changed his attitude on the subject of the relations of the States to the Fed-

Empress Dowager of Russia. Princess of Wales. Duchess of Cumberland.

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER DAUGHTERS.

eral government. If the war seemed to sweep away the legal doctrine of State rights, Mr. Bayard still contended that it was for the interest of the people and the States that localities should govern themselves, and that the general government should keep its hands off the individual citizen. More than any Democrat, Mr. Bayard brought to an end the oppression of the South, and he never compromised.

No one in public life was sounder than Mr. Bayard on economic questions. He was one of the chief and ablest opponents of the protective-tariff policy, and when the greenback and silver movements began their agitating work in the Democratic party, Mr. Bayard presented the strongest and most determined obstacle to their advance. Before 1874 he had led his party, and was among the leaders of the Senate in the struggle against the Republican inflationists, and when, in consequence of this and other sins, the Republicans were defeated, Mr. Bayard was made chairman of the Finance Committee and president *pro tem.* of the Senate. He was also the choice of many of the best men of his party for the nomination for President in 1876, 1880, and 1884. But notwithstanding all his patriotic services, all his labors for his party and its principles, and all his deserved honors, the silver men of his party undertook to degrade him from his chairmanship of the Finance Committee, and at last shut the door of political preferment in his face.

Although Mr. Bayard was defeated every time he was a candidate in a national convention, he never betrayed the slightest disappointment, and Mr. Cleveland had no more faithful friend and ally than Mr. Bayard when the latter was Secretary of State. Mr. Bayard's term as Secretary was comparatively uneventful, but he brought Lord Salisbury to agree to an arrangement touching the Bering Sea troubles between this country and Great Britain which, if Canada had not objected, would have made unnecessary the Paris tribunal, and the subsequent negotiations and bickerings. Mr. Bayard's last important service to the country was rendered while he was Ambassador to England, from 1893 to 1897. More than any other man, except Mr. Phelps, who has represented this country in London, Mr. Bayard was keenly alive to the community in origin and principle of the institutions of the two countries, and he did more than all other American ministers to promote good feeling between the people of the United States and of England.

Though driven by ignorance and malice into private life, he dies an honored statesman and a public servant, to whom this country owes a deep debt of gratitude.

H. L. N.

RING POLITICS IN CONNECTICUT.

Some months ago, when the chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Connecticut was in Washington, he was asked who was to be the next Governor of his State. The inquirer, who was familiar with political conditions in Connecticut, assumed two things—first, that the next Governor would be a Republican; and second, that the chairman and his particular group of political allies would pick him out and secure the delegates necessary to nominate him, the voters, thus relieved of any responsibility or say in the choice, obligingly doing the rest. To the inquiry the chairman replied that he could not, at that early day, tell who would be the nominee, "but," he added, "I can tell you who will not be, and that is John Addison Porter."

Porter was, however, the logical candidate. For many years it was the custom in Connecticut for candidates standing second in strength in a Republican convention to receive the general support of the party two years later. In accordance with this custom, the nomination would have naturally fallen to Secretary Porter this year. But since the domination of the ring has become so complete and desperate, no custom, no tradition, and, in fact, no scruple, has been allowed to stand in the way of its purposes; and the ring and Porter are naturally incompatible.

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with political conditions in Connecticut, it should be said that there are 168 towns in the State, 12 of them having a majority of the population and of the voters. These 12 send 24 representatives to the Legislature and 48 delegates to a Republican convention. The other towns, 156 in number, but having a minority of the population, send 228 representatives to the Legislature and 456 delegates to a convention. About one-half of the people, therefore, have a representation of 10 per cent.; the other half, of 90 per cent. Litchfield and Tolland counties, with a combined population of less than that of the city of New Haven, send 63 men to represent them in the Legislature; New Haven sends two. These two counties send 126 delegates to a Republican convention; New Haven, four. There is a pseudo-popular representation in the Senate, which is a body of only 24 members, but even this extra allowance is denied the large cities in a Republican convention. The very simple rule is that each town is entitled to as many delegates as it has representatives in the Lower House, and a town with a population of less than 500, constantly growing less, and now about one-half what it was in 1850, can send four delegates to a convention to offset the delegates of a city having a population 200 times as large and rapidly increasing!

As may be supposed, such a system provides just the soil for the genesis and development of that cabal of party dictators who now dominate Republican politics in the commonwealth and largely control the affairs of the State government. In a State having a pretence of popular representation such a unique development of bossism would be absolutely impossible. It is doubtful if anything like it can be found anywhere. It is not a party machine, as in New York; its influence does not centre in a single man of national reputation like Quay. If the man who holds the chairmanship of the Republican State Committee is the leading spirit in the cabal, it is not by virtue of his chairmanship. The ring would be almost, if not quite, as efficient if a majority of the Republican Committee opposed it, for the committee, as a committee, exercises no control over nominations, and confines itself merely to a few perfunctory acts provided for in the rules and having little effect one way or the other.

The brains, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the dominating political subtlety, of the ring is found in a group of less than half a dozen notorious lobbyists—that is, men who during legislative sessions make lobbying a business. It is difficult to furnish in a few words an adequate idea of the peculiar ramifications in the methods which enable these men to wield such enormous power, largely for their own profit. One secret of their success is that they are always organized for business, while other people are attending to their ordinary vocations. When the time for primary political action comes, this private, not party organization, has everything prepared for diverting things to itself. In nearly every small town there is usually to be found a dominating element, and generally one man among a couple of hundred voters has the reputation of being a superior "hustler." He is apt to be the chairman of the town committee. He is not exactly a local boss; he is simply tolerated by an apathetic majority. He calls a caucus by posting a notice on a sign-post somewhere in a town five or six miles square, over which are scattered the voters, who are at the time thinking less of politics than of haying. A dozen may come to the caucus, possibly more, often less. There are 77 towns in the State each having less than 200 Republican voters, even in these Republican times, and they send 200 delegates to a convention.

The ring knows every one of these successful politicians, and its strength largely consists in the fact that it has enlisted them in its service. This is done in many ways. There are many lucrative positions about the Capitol during legislative sessions; there are many local politicians who have ambitions; and the whole thing is skilfully organized on the principle, "You work for me and I'll work for you," or, "If you want anything, now or hereafter, play in with us." Gradually has grown up the idea that it is useless for any man to seek political honors unless the wishes of the ring are observed, and so very respectable members of society tolerate it for their own sakes, and some of them even come to regard it as undefiled Republicanism, though it is possible to obtain a majority of the delegates to any State convention from the primary action of less than three per cent. of the Republican votes of the State. The ring secures immunity and even the appearance of respectability, for the reason that it is allowed to wear the livery of Republicanism.

Gradually, also, has grown up the idea that no town or company or man can secure legislative action till the ring has been satisfied; in other words, bought. For it follows, in such a system so managed, that when the Legislature meets it is found to be made up of men who have been brought in through the methods of the ring, and yet so subtle is the process that few of the legislators fully realize it. They may be perfectly honest, and yet seek and take the advice of persons who have done them a political favor, or who have the reputation for superior political astuteness and influence. So far as this goes it may be commendable enough, but it is the advantage taken of the fact that causes the trouble.

The average legislator, however substantial as a citizen, was probably never in the Legislature before, and he is entirely unfamiliar with its processes. The lobby knows them from beginning to end. An innocent enough measure is introduced; it gets into the mill, and somehow does not get out. The interested parties, in trying to look it up, find that their representative in the House knows very little about it. He is referred to a lawyer who is a lobbyist, one of the ring. He knows how things can be steered. That is his business. It costs money, particularly if it is a railroad measure which some company greatly desires, and may not be as innocent as it looks; but the money does not go to the legislator, except in rare cases. The lobby's margin of profits is therefore very large, and is possible solely because of its political influence.

It naturally makes considerable difference to a combination of this kind who is Governor, not so much because of any influence he possesses over legislation, as because of the places at his disposal or at the disposal of those whom he may appoint. Even the unpaid commissioners of State institutions are of importance, for they control the purchasing officers for the institutions. If a merchant wishes to sell supplies to one of them, he will wish in vain till he becomes inspired with the idea of going to one of the ring. The door of the institution opens and he secures a good order for goods, also a complement of advices as to whom he shall use his political influence for. All these numerous avenues of influence naturally lead to the executive office with its appointive power, and the success of the ring depends upon its ability to successfully "advise" or "suggest" whom to appoint. Thus the Governor does the best thing for the ring; he is doing what enables the ring to prey upon legislation for its own emolument. The ring naturally finds the most desirable material for Governors in men who have already proved tractable under its influence, and who have passed that time of life when they would naturally show a disposition to inquire too deeply into political affairs, or to act largely according to their own ideas and on their own responsibility.

If John Addison Porter had in the beginning cast in his lot with the ring, had meekly placed his ambition to be Governor in its hands, had shown no disposition to criticise its methods, had, in fact, unconditionally surrendered his personality, he might have been Governor, but he believes that the rank and file of the party should control, and that the State administration should not be made a cruising-place for privateers in politics. He has always been ready to submit his case to the party, but not to the ring.

It was doubtless unavoidable that two such incompatible elements within the party should eventually come into sharp conflict, and for four years events have naturally led up to it. In 1894, after a brilliant service in the so-called deadlock Legislature, Porter first entered the race for Gubernatorial honors, but without creating anxiety among the old leaders till the time for the convention came. He was backed pretty solidly by his home county, Windham, and by such of the young and aggressive elements as succeeded in asserting themselves at the primaries in other sections of the State. The lobby element was at that time divided as to candidates, feeling reasonably sure of its position as a lobby in any case, and the result was that, much to its surprise, Porter had votes enough to throw to another candidate the nomination which he could not win himself. The ring at once perceived that Porter was not as innocuous as it had supposed. He had become an element of danger to ring control, and from that time it organized itself into a compact and united machine to keep Porter down, and thus to save its prestige and business in the lobby.

When the Legislature met in 1895, the ring immediately went to work to secure the party support for Lieutenant-Governor Cooke, an estimable but conveniently plastic old gentleman from Litchfield County. It should be understood that one of the customs in vogue in the State is for the towns to send as a part of their delegation to each Republican convention their representatives in the previous Legislature. In the Legislature of 1895, therefore, the ring, operating as a lobby, or, to use a softer phrase, as professional advisers for those less accustomed to legislative processes, had about fifty per cent. of the Republican convention of 1896 under its eyes and influence for five months, and Cooke was himself there as presiding officer of the Senate. This custom of sending the Legislature to the next State convention is an important element in the ring's activity and success, and, combined with the other elements already mentioned, the ring's circle of influence is as near complete as anything could be.

Meantime, or in the spring of 1896, the convention for the selection of delegates to the Republican National Convention was held, and the efforts to combine New England solidly against McKinley will be remembered. Porter, both personally and as the editor of the Hartford *Post*, had been using his influence for McKinley. The McKinley Club was formed at Hartford, with Porter as its president, and in the spring of 1895, at the annual dinner of the club, McKinley was its guest. It was a notable gathering. A few months later McKinley's friends organized that highly successful canvass for his nomination, and Porter was the accredited and recognized McKinley representative in Connecticut. But at the convention for the selection of delegates to the St. Louis convention, the old leaders, in sympathy with Platt of New York, who was doing his best to defeat the Ohio candidate, managed to divide the delegation, though the popular choice was for McKinley beyond question.

On the heels of this convention came Porter's contest for the nomination for Governor, against the ring, whose united efforts were being used for Cooke. Two of the three unsuccessful candidates in the convention of two years before declined to run again, their friends believing that it would be useless to make the effort against the ring, and this left Porter to fight it alone. Its operations became more open in character, and its methods more desperate and unscrupulous. It devoted itself at first, and very early, to breaking Porter's strength in his own county, and to do this it went into his own town and picked out a candidate for State Treasurer. Snap caucuses were held everywhere, and the cry that the sentiment was for Cooke, and that Porter had not even carried his own town, doubtless operated against him among those politicians who placed apparent expediency before principle. The country towns, by the processes already indicated, were brought into line by the ring; promises were made in the most reckless fashion, from the highest appointive offices down to the most subordinate places in the Capitol. Yet Porter delegates were elected in all the large cities, and although in a convention of 504 he had but 181 men, they represented nearly 75 per cent. of the Republican voters of the State. Cooke was nominated, was swept in on the Republican tide of a Presidential year, and has been faithful to the ring. A suggestion from one of the triumvirate has been sufficient to govern his actions, and when they have not suggested he has not acted, as has been apparent from the blundering fashion with which the State troops have been handled. The possible glory which Connecticut boys might win in the war being a subject not immediately appealing to the mercenary instincts of the ring-leaders, they neglected to advise till it was too late.

President McKinley's choice of Porter as his secretary, and the elevation of the office to one of so much importance, was a rather bitter pill for the ring, whose leaders predicted that he would speedily bring the administration to grief, whereas he has made an exceedingly efficient and popular official. The ring would have been glad to run Governor Cooke again, but that was made impossible by his failure as a war Governor, and it turned its influence towards Senator Lounsbury, a brother of the Governor of several years ago, who is chiefly remembered as having done nothing worth remembering. Naturally and inevitably, the anti-ring elements in the party sought the leadership of Porter, and they asked him to again make the fight. His friends seemed confident of success. They said the people were disgusted with ring rule, which was very true, but they underestimated the strength of the ring's intrenchments. The people do not choose the candidate for Governor. While the war had been going on in Cuba the henchmen of the ring had organized the campaign for themselves all over the State, and when Porter secured leave of absence a little over a month ago to come to the State, the ring had already begun to snap caucuses and secure delegates in a more high-handed manner than ever.

The majority of the delegates had already been chosen by the ring process, and, even if uninstructed, were within the circle of the ring's influence. Porter had really lost the fight before he left Washington, and while his fight was a brave one, it was hopeless because begun too late. It was just what was needed to stir up the minds of the people. It tore the garb of undefiled Republicanism from the masquerading lobby, and, whatever happens to Porter's political career, it is likely to prove the beginning of the end of the ring. Even in the convention itself there was an undercurrent of feeling for asserting some independence of the ring, whose slate for the remainder of the ticket was broken, and some of the promises it had made rendered valueless. It is generally admitted that the ring cannot carry out such a programme again.

It will not be long before another test comes, if present indications are accurate. Senator Hawley's term as United States Senator expires shortly, and the Legislature to be elected this fall will choose his successor. He is not ready to retire, and his friends insist that he shall not. At no time in his long service in the Senate has he been of greater importance to the country than as the head of the committee on military affairs during the recent war. He is a man of principle, of great abilities, and of long experience. But Samuel Fessenden wants to be United States Senator, and the ring-leaders are for Fessenden. But for the shaking up they have had they might be able to carry their programme through and defeat Hawley in spite of his personality and prestige. Few believe now that this can be done, but it will be a sharp struggle, and one that the country will watch with interest.

THE OCTOBER NUMBER
OF THE
North American Review
CONTAINS:

THE UNITED STATES AND THE FAR EAST
I. What Shall Be Done About the Philippines?
By MAYO W. HAZELTINE
II. Our Policy in China
By the Hon. MARK B. DUNNELL,
Formerly Deputy Consul-General of the U. S. at Shanghai.

The Movement for Municipal Reform, CLINTON R. WOODRUFF, *Secretary of the National Municipal League*
The Origin of Morality, ... Professor GOLDWIN SMITH
Our National Folly and Its Victims, Major-Gen. J. C. BRECKINRIDGE, U. S. A.

THE U. S. NAVY UNDER THE NEW CONDITIONS
By Admiral P. H. COLOMB, R. N.

Manual Training and the Poor, ... ELLIOTT FLOWER
The Minimum Capital of a National Bank, . . . THORNTON COOKE
Legislative Elections in France, . . . WALTER B. SCAIFE
Difficulties in Assimilating Hawaii, Rear-Admiral L. A. BEARDSLEE, U. S. N.

BISMARCK AND MOTLEY—II.
With Correspondence till now unpublished
By J. P. GRUND

Organized Self-Help and State Aid in Ireland, The Rt. Hon. HORACE PLUNKETT, M. P.
Cable Cutting in War, ... G. E. WALSH
Danger of Political Apathy, ... SPEED MOSBY
Fancy Work or Nature Studies, ... KATE GANNETT WELLS
How Can Homicide be Decreased? . . . . The Rev. W. REDE, D.D.
Boys' Clubs, ... WINIFRED BUCK

50 Cents a Copy; $5.00 a Year. Sold by all Newsdealers.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 291 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

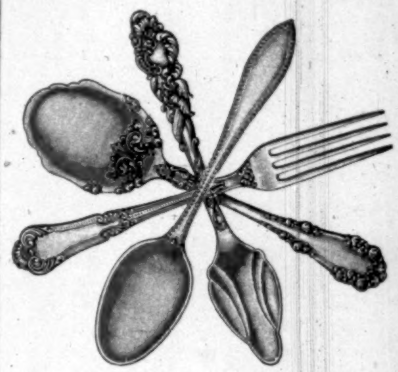
---

10 YEARS OLD.
HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE
The Best Whiskey in America.

Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"Whose smoke like incense doth perfume." —TITUS ANDRON.

If you smoke it in your pipe "It's Good"
Yale Mixture
A Gentleman's Smoke



"Silver Plate that Wears."
The trade mark "**1847** Rogers Bros." on spoons, forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over.
The prefix—*1847*—insures the genuine Rogers quality.
MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY,
Meriden, Conn.; 208 5th Ave., New York City.
147 State St., Chicago.
For sale by all leading dealers everywhere.

Elastic-Ribbed UNION SUITS

are complete undergarments, covering the entire body like an additional skin. Perfectly elastic, fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. No buttons down the front. Made for Men, Women, and Young People. Most convenient to put on or off, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset.

ONEITA KNITTING MILLS, Office: No. 1 Greene St., N. Y.
Send for Illustrated Booklet. Address Dept. T.

Arnold Constable & Co.
Fall and Winter Underwear.
Cartwright & Warner's
Celebrated Underwear,
in Wool, Merino, Camel's Hair, Silk and Wool, and All Wool, for Men, Women, and Children, in all Weights and Sizes.
Cardigan and Golf Jackets.
Golf Hose.
Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.

Financial

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

Esterbrook's Pens Triumphant.
IN SIGNING THE PEACE PROTOCOL

Secretary Day used our **No. 048 Falcon**
And Ambassador Cambon our **No. 313 Probate**
We manufacture 150 other styles. Ask your Stationer for them.
The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

Reduced Rates to Pittsburg via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Knights Templar Triennial Conclave.

On account of the Knights Templar Triennial Conclave, to be held at Pittsburg, Pa., October 10 to 14, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from stations on its line to Pittsburg and return at rate of *single fare for the round trip*, with minimum of 25 cents.

Tickets will be sold October 8 to 13, good to return until October 17 inclusive. The return limit of tickets from Harrisburg and points east thereof can be extended to October 31 upon depositing same on October 13 to 17 with the Joint Agent at Pittsburg and the payment of fifty cents.

See that Hole? WHAT IS IT FOR?

To insert a pointed instrument and eject the pen from the holder. Prevents the ink from flowing back into the holder and soiling the fingers.

Samples on receipt of return postage. Ask for *Vertical No. 37*.

The perfection of pens, slightly stiff, smooth points, durable, and uniform.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
450 Broome St., New York, N. Y.

W. & J. Sloane
RUGS.
ORIENTAL AND DOMESTIC.
Largest assortment in America. Send size required, predominating color of decorations, and we will make selections subject to your approval.
Broadway & 19th St.

7,000 Guns in Stock
WE SELL GUNS of every reputable American and foreign make, and give wholesale prices to everybody. We carry in stock

Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods amounting to a quarter of a million dollars. We can please the fancy of millionaires, or meet the demands of the poorest sportsman and angler. Write for prices, or ask us to send you our Sporting Goods Catalogue. We load and sell over

1,000,000 Hand Loaded Shells a Year
Ask us to send you our price card of hand and machine loaded shells. We have

The largest Gun Repair Shop in America
We make guns, re-bore, re-stock, repair—in fact, alter a gun to suit the owner, and guarantee satisfaction. Write for prices.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
Originators of the Catalogue Business 111 to 120 Michigan Ave., cor. Madison St., Chicago
MENTION THIS PUBLICATION WHEN WRITING

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

MAGAZINE, -	$4 00 a Year
WEEKLY, -	$4 00 a Year
BAZAR, - -	$4 00 a Year
LITERATURE,	$4 00 a Year
ROUND TABLE,	$1 00 a Year

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS *Stewart Hartshorn* ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

HARPER'S CATALOGUE
Descriptive list of their publications, with *portraits of authors*, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

THE HAIR 27th Ed., 25c. (or stamps). Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER. A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*